

THE

National AND ENGLISH Review

Vol. 152

JUNE, 1959

No. 916

CANADA GOES AHEAD

TWO SHILLINGS





Renato Raggi of Melzo says goodbye to his pretty wife Luciana as he leaves for work. Upstairs Roberto, aged five, is still in bed

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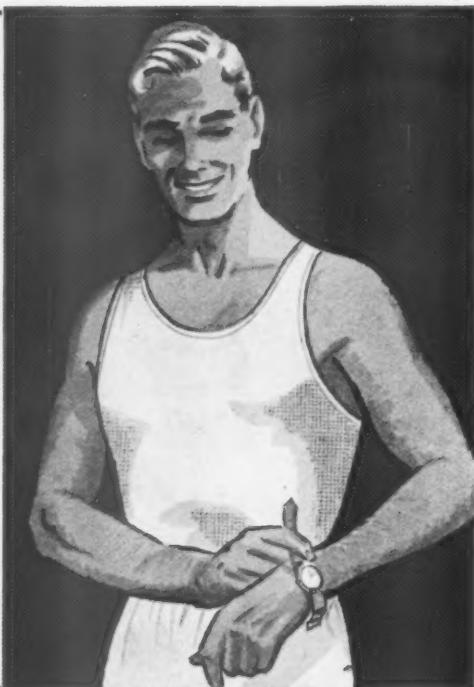
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

CONTENTS

JUNE, 1959

Episodes of the Month <i>The Editor</i>	207
Canada Goes Ahead. <i>The Hon. J. W. Pickersgill, M.P.</i>	209
Dossier No. 13: <i>John Diefenbaker</i>	217
Masterpieces on the Move. <i>Tom Pocock</i>	220
Battle of Flowers. <i>Denys Smith</i>	223
On the Mat. <i>Axminster</i>	226
Books :—	
Worldly-Wise Mystic. <i>The Revd. V. A. Demant</i>	227
Racialism Observed. <i>Catherine Hoskyns</i>	228
Are We Philistines? <i>Sydney Jacobson</i>	230
Some Uncommon People. <i>Eric Gillett</i>	231
Records. <i>Alec Robertson</i>	235
Finance. <i>Lombardo</i>	237
Crossword No. 34	239

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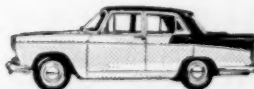
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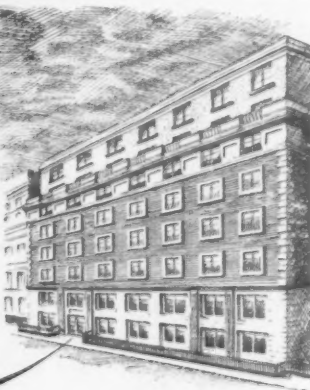


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Episodes of the Month

ON June 26th the Queen and President Eisenhower will open the St. Lawrence Seaway—an event which will focus attention upon Canada. In this issue we publish an article on the past and future development of Canada by Mr. Pickersgill, an outstanding member of the Canadian Liberal Party; also a “dossier” of Mr. Diefenbaker, the Conservative Prime Minister of Canada. It is too often thought in Britain that Canadians are at heart “sons and daughters of the Empire”; that they resent their physical proximity to, and consequent involvement with, the United States, and still look to the United Kingdom with child-like reverence. Nothing could be further from the truth. Canada led the way in dismantling the apparatus of Empire, and her people believe in a Commonwealth of equal nations—not in any system presided over by the United Kingdom. And they believe in the closest relations with their southern neighbour that are consistent with the independence and self-respect of their own nation.

Personal Diplomacy

THE leading news story in the *Sunday Times* on May 10th was headed (with conscious irony?) “F.-M. Montgomery Breaks Silence”. Lord Montgomery has not been conspicuously reticent since he gave up his N.A.T.O. post: hardly a week has passed without some comment or pronouncement from him, usually of a political or semi-political kind. He may think that soldiers should take no official part in politics, but he obviously relishes the functions of an unofficial statesman and ambassador-at-large. The account of his talks with Khrushchev showed no lack of simplicity, though not specifically that of an old soldier; it was full of the platitudes and hypocritical posturings which are characteristic of the Cold War.

Khrushchev, however, if correctly reported, was strikingly honest in one respect. Here are some words imputed to him:

Nobody wants to see the reunification of Germany at present, but few people have the courage to say so. Adenauer doesn't want it. The French don't want it, nor do the British. Russia certainly doesn't want it. Montgomery, who holds the fantastic view that all post-war problems derive from the division of Germany, said that German

reunification was “very desirable”, but admitted that it was today impracticable. (Most pre-war problems, surely, might be attributed to German unity.) A Berlin settlement under U.N. supervision and guarantee, on lines very vaguely suggested by Montgomery and approved by Khrushchev, might help to save the faces of both sides and enable them to devote their resources to more serious Cold War activity. So long as “the West” is unable to recognize Eastern Germany for fear of antagonizing Adenauer and Co. the position in Central Europe is likely to remain exactly as it is now; and we need not suppose that Khrushchev will have altered his plans under the influence of sappy and patronizing talk by Lord Montgomery about “the ordinary people, the common man” observed by him during one afternoon in Moscow.

French Revolution

THE anniversary of the *coup d'état* in Algiers, which caused the downfall of the Fourth Republic and the return to power of General de Gaulle, was celebrated indeed, but not by those chiefly responsible for the original *coup*. The extremist elements among the settlers in Algeria have been disappointed in de Gaulle, as we always knew they would be; and they have also found that the Army, when it came to the point, was prepared to obey de Gaulle rather than maintain solidarity with them. The overwhelming argument for de Gaulle's assumption of power—that only he could command the loyalty and obedience of the Army—has thus been fully vindicated.

When, several years ago, the General read in our columns a review of the first volume of his *Memoirs*, he wrote to the reviewer, Lord Attlee, who had criticized his incursion into politics, and observed that he had come to the conclusion politics was too serious a matter to be left to politicians. It is interesting that even so shrewd a judge as Lord Attlee should have failed to appreciate de Gaulle's political genius and should have subscribed to the conventional English view that he was politically inept. Such is the barrier of misunderstanding that language and temperament have placed between French and English. (Incidentally, the English have less emotional stability than the French, not *vice versa* as is commonly supposed. Some of the worst French errors have been

NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

due to an excessively rational approach, while some of the greatest English achievements have been due to illogical passion; and the same traits have also produced English errors, French achievements. De Gaulle is a man of deep and steady emotion—much less volatile, and certainly more intellectual, than Churchill or Roosevelt, for instance).

During the past year France has undergone what is perhaps the most beneficent revolution in her whole national career, and this revolution is very largely the work of one man. The French economy has been taken by the scruff of the neck. A new Constitution has been established, which is unlikely to work well under any President other than de Gaulle, but which has the supreme merit of ensuring for the immediate future strong government without prejudice to the basic requirements of Parliamentary democracy. Above all, the French Community has emerged as an effective multi-racial super-State. The world has not, perhaps, adequately grasped the importance of this development, but it will become increasingly obvious in the years ahead. The only grave problem which remains unsolved is that of Algeria, but de Gaulle seems to be confident that a solution is near. His intentions are liberal, though he will not apparently contemplate an independent Algeria outside the French Community. He has shown his readiness to discuss terms with the F.L.N., but he made the mistake of talking about the "white flag" and insisting that the rebel emissaries should come to Paris. Respecting their courage (he has paid tribute to it publicly) he cannot expect them to appear like the Burghers of Calais, admitting their own defeat and humiliation. If, however, he is in a position to negotiate from strength, he should be willing to make the necessary concessions to the pride of men who have been fighting bitterly for what they consider a just cause.

We may therefore see, before too long, a settlement in North Africa—involving not only Algeria, but Tunisia and Morocco as well—which will complete de Gaulle's grand design and represent one of the most notable feats of statesmanship in modern history.

A Monstrous Law

THE execution of Ronald Marwood brought home to many who were previously ignorant or indifferent the iniquity of the Homicide Act, which differentiates capriciously between capital and non-capital murder. This Act was passed as a compromise measure, in a situation which did not admit of compromise. After the House of Lords had sabotaged the Silverman Bill, carried by a free vote of the House of Commons, the Government most unwisely sought to make some concession to the abolitionists while appeasing the die-hards. The result is a cruel parody of justice, whose only virtue may be that it has helped to convince wobblers that the death penalty must go.

Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, deserves sympathy in his painful task of enforcing the law as it stands; but it must not be forgotten that he is one of those responsible for the existing law. Chastened by his recent experience, he may now be moved to persuade his colleagues that a change in the law is essential. And if there is to be a change, who can doubt that it will take the form of total abolition?

It is fitting here to pay tribute to Lord Templewood, one of the ablest men in British public life between the wars, and in his later years a zealous campaigner for abolition of the death penalty and penal reform. No Ministry—not even the Home Office—could emasculate his clear and individual judgment.

Hope for the Church?

ON May 1st Mervyn Stockwood was consecrated Bishop of Southwark. Readers will recall his article in our December, 1957, issue, aptly entitled "A Church Living in the Past". It may be that his elevation to the bench of Bishops will mark a more progressive turn in the affairs of the Church of England. If he remains true to the ideas which he put forward in that article, he will achieve great results.

At the service of consecration in South-

NEXT MONTH

Articles on THE ENGLISH WEEKEND

by
Charles Curran
and
Kenneth Rose

CANADA GOES AHEAD

wark Cathedral Mr. Simpson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, preached a sermon in which he complained that the present low remuneration of the clergy forced them to think too much about money. "And since it is not a good thing that our clergy should think too much about money, it would be a good thing if they could have a little more of it". The congregation (which included Princess Margaret) must have enjoyed this vintage specimen of clerical casuistry. The notion that ministers of the Christian gospel should receive fixed salaries is entirely foreign to the spirit in which the first disciples were sent out into the world. Of course it is hard on men who entered what they took to be a genteel profession, in which a wife and children might be sustained at a "respectable" level, to find that

taxation and inflation have reduced them to a comparatively low standard of living. But compassion for those who have been cheated of their honest expectations must not blind us to the faults of the system. Whole-time clergymen should depend upon charity: they should not expect to make a living out of preaching the gospel. In effect, therefore, they would probably tend to be celibate. Those who wish to join the Christian Ministry, but are unable to dedicate themselves absolutely, should be free to earn their livings as other people do, and to act as clergymen in their spare time. The need for such a "part-time Ministry" is now fairly widely recognized (Bishop Stockwood is one of its advocates), but the corollary—an *unpaid* whole-time Ministry—is not yet being faced.

CANADA GOES AHEAD

By HON. J. W. PICKERSGILL, M.P.

THE American Revolution marked the birth not of one nation but of two. The United States of America was the child of the Revolution and Canada was its step-child.

The Revolution succeeded in thirteen of the seventeen British colonies in North America. It barely touched the island colonies of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, and it met both military and political defeat in Nova Scotia and Quebec. Immediately after the Revolution the population of these two mainland British colonies was greatly re-inforced by the arrival of thousands of American refugees, called Loyalists in Canada, whose presence intensified the existing hostility to the United States. But the Loyalists did not bring unity to British North America.

For half a century after the Revolution the British North American colonies had no semblance of unity except suspicion of the United States and their common subjection to the British crown. Even the boldest of prophets would hardly have predicted, in 1837, that these poor weak British colonies would be the nucleus of a nation which, one generation later, would have the third largest area on the face of the earth.

In 1837, there were rebellions in both Upper and Lower Canada. Ostensibly both rebellions were caused by the frustration of

demands for colonial self-government, but Lord Durham, who came to Canada to report on the rebellions, described the situation in Lower Canada (Quebec) as "two nations warring in the bosom of a single State". In his famous Report, Durham recommended the union of the two provinces of Canada into a single province and abolition of the official use of the French language with a view to transforming the French Canadians into Englishmen overseas. He also recommended that the united province should have self-government in its internal affairs.

The legal union was brought about in 1841, self-government was achieved in 1848, and one of the first acts of the self-governing Canadians was to restore to the French minority the official use of their own language.

This union of 1841 was the real beginning of the continent-wide Canadian nation. It was then that French- and English-speaking Canadians first learned to work together politically. But the Province of Canada proved too small and restricted a stage, and the remarkable group of Canadian politicians of the mid-nineteenth century conceived the grand design of a union which would include not only the four Atlantic colonies, but the tiny settlement of British Columbia on the Pacific Ocean and the vast Hudson Bay territories covering the north-western

NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

quarter of the continent. By 1871, a federal State called Canada extended from Cape Breton Island on the Atlantic to Vancouver Island on the Pacific.

The Canadian Confederation had almost none of the natural or traditional characteristics of a nation. It had internal self-government, but it was not independent. Even in 1871, the easiest mode of travel from Montreal to Victoria (British Columbia) was by ship around Cape Horn. The bulk of the Canadian population was divided in race, language and religion between the descendants of two great European nations with a thousand-year-old history of enmity. Almost the only cement of the union was a common fear of the United States intensified by the armed raids of Fenians from that country in 1865 and 1866.

But the lack of any kind of economic unity was probably the gravest of all the dangers to the new Canadian union. As the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects stated in the opening pages of its Report in November, 1957:—"It is doubtful whether Canada would be a separate nation today if economic forces alone had been allowed to determine our destiny. We assume that our fellow-Canadians believe as we do that the things we hold in common, the things we cherish, abundantly justify the effort to maintain our national identity and are willing to accept the consequences." After noting that deliberate political compromises will continue to be necessary, the Report continues:—"Fortunately, as our wealth increases, the cost of such necessary compromises may become relatively lighter. But it will always be risky to make such choices blindfold. Canada is growing richer, but there will always be need for skilful husbandry in a country so immense and harsh and empty and under the necessity of selling a large proportion of its output in a highly competitive world."

No Canadian can afford to forget those relatively rigid limitations which our environment places upon us, and, except for some politicians at election times, few Canadians do. Despite the huge area of Canada, the most optimistic forecast the Royal Commission cared to make of our population was that it might rise from the present seventeen millions to twenty-seven millions in the next twenty-five years.

The Royal Commission found that the

promise of the economic future was one to command enthusiasm, though an atomic war would blast it and a deep depression would blight it. But they saw one other risk that might prevent the promise from being realized. "In Canada, as in other countries," they wrote, "there are social tensions latent in the community that in times of stress might come to the surface and cause a serious setback to economic progress. There are tensions between regions, between races, between various economic groups and between management and labour. If Canadians as a whole were to prove indifferent to the economic difficulties of particular regions; if the effort of sympathetic comprehension between the races in Canada were to be suspended; or if any of the economic groups in the community were to make exorbitant claims on its resources; in all of these cases the consequent strife and discontent might well bring economic progress to a full stop." It has always been the supreme task of Canadian politics to reduce these tensions. The main pre-occupation of every Canadian Prime Minister has been the maintenance of national unity.

* * *

Until the first World War many Canadians were far from certain that Canada could or should survive as a separate nation. The notion of Imperial Federation and the attraction of annexation by the United States were both in active competition with the idea of Canadian nationhood.

The first World War finally laid the ghost of annexation. The national pride stimulated by the great share seven million people took in that war made the notion of the absorption of Canada by any other country unthinkable. But, after the first World War, continued subordination to Great Britain was equally intolerable, even though our common sacrifices in the terrible blood-bath of France and Flanders had strengthened the common bond between Canada and Britain. Instead, the old notion of Imperial Federation gave place to the vaguer concept of Commonwealth.

Actually there were two concepts of Commonwealth in Canada after 1919. The war-time Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, insisted that the nations of the Commonwealth must be equal in status, but he cherished the hope that a common foreign policy and a common defence policy could

CANADA GOES AHEAD

be evolved for the Commonwealth through consultation between equals. The post-war leader of the Liberal Party, Mackenzie King, who became Prime Minister at the close of 1921, was convinced that a single Imperial policy was impossible. His view was that the Commonwealth would not survive unless each member nation had complete autonomy in every sphere of government, including foreign policy and defence, and unless the government of each nation was responsible exclusively to its own Parliament and people.

Yet no man in any British country did more to shape and fashion the modern Commonwealth than Mackenzie King. He had a firm conviction that the unity of the Commonwealth could be maintained if the foreign policy and defence of each nation of the Commonwealth were designed, not for narrow national ends, but to preserve peace and freedom in the world. And freedom he put above peace. When the crisis came, in 1939, Mackenzie King's faith in this method of maintaining the unity of the Commonwealth was fully justified.

For Mackenzie King the Commonwealth was a spiritual union requiring no formal ties. Because he believed in freedom, he gave the warmest support and encouragement to Mr. Attlee's decision to acknowledge the complete independence of India, a decision which may prove to have been the greatest act of statesmanship in the twentieth century. And it was Mackenzie King who first saw that India, as a republic, could continue to belong to the Commonwealth. He was the first to see that any attempt to give organic unity to the Commonwealth would destroy it. For him the only possible unity was in freedom.

The word "independence" which Mackenzie King never, in his lifetime, applied to Canada, has since become, very quickly, the common coin of Canadian politicians, even Conservatives. The increased self-reliance and self-respect Canadians developed during the second World War made any other status than independence seem quite unrealistic. But independence had acquired a new meaning. Before 1959 independence meant separation from Britain and the Commonwealth, even isolation. Today independence means equal and self-determining membership in a community of free nations which is far wider even than the Commonwealth. This profound change in the meaning of the word for Canadians



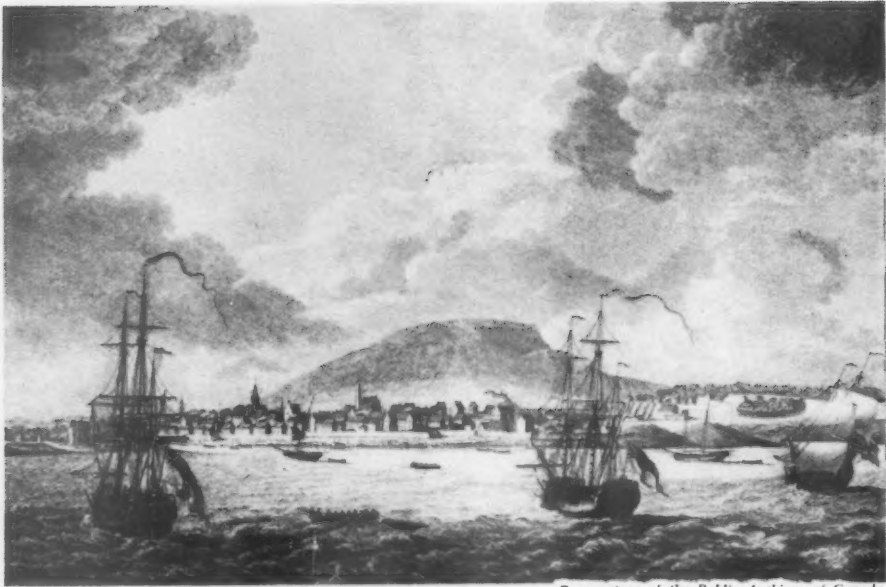
Karsh

MR. MACKENZIE KING

marks an equally profound change in the people themselves.

The Canadian declaration of war in 1939 received the almost unanimous approval of the Canadian Parliament. But the superficial unity in Parliament only partially concealed a deep division in the country. As soon as Britain declared war the majority of English-speaking Canadians were emotionally at war, while the majority of French-speaking Canadians felt no vital Canadian interest at stake and would have preferred, like the Americans, to remain neutral. This minority recognized, however, that they could not expect to impose their will on the majority. The minority acquiesced in Canadian participation in the war in exchange for the assurance that there would be no compulsory military service outside Canada. The failure of that uneasy compromise late in 1944 almost destroyed the unity of the nation. What saved it was the general realization that the whole free world was in grave peril and that isolation was impossible for Canada in a global war in which the United States had become the main belligerent. Moreover, the tremendous success of the Canadian contribution to the war, and the remarkably equitable distribution of the financial and economic burdens of war, helped to reduce the tension and even to stimulate national pride.

* * *



By courtesy of the Public Archives of Canada

EAST VIEW OF MONTREAL IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

But equally important in mitigating disunity was the post-war programme of social security elaborated in 1944. The Canadian people, who had been asked to bear equally the burdens of war, were given the promise of a closer approach than ever before to equality of opportunity. The rapid and orderly demobilization of the armed forces at the end of the war, the smooth reconversion of war industry, and the phenomenal post-war economic development relieved tensions still more. There was no return to the pre-war unemployment; on the contrary, there soon developed a shortage of labour which was met by immigration on a scale not known in Canada since the days before the first World War.

Before 1939 the Canadian birth-rate had been one of the lowest in the world. Today it is one of the highest. The population of the country increased by 50 per cent.—from eleven and a half millions in 1941 to over seventeen millions today.

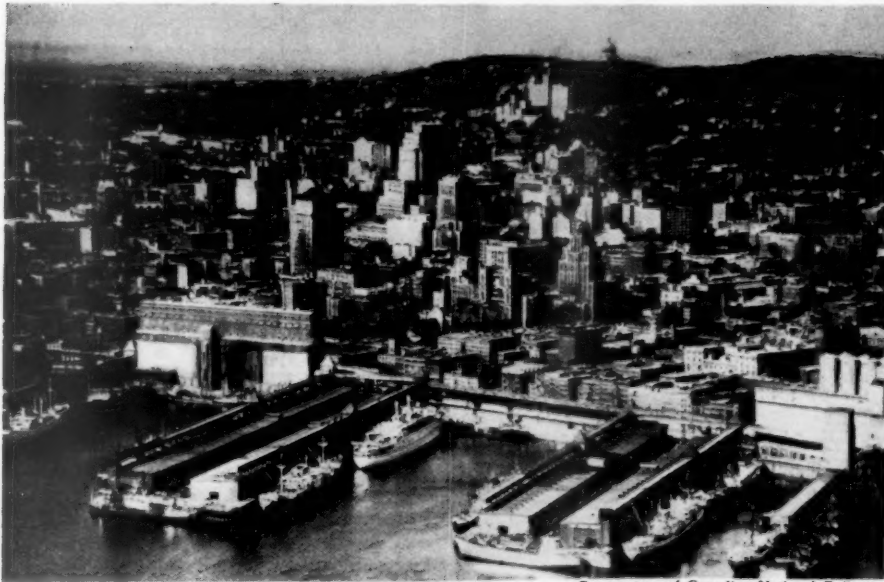
The rising birth-rate and the readiness to accept large-scale immigration were only two of many evidences of the new confidence with which Canadians faced the post-war world. In retrospect, the post-war period looks to many Canadians as a period of easy and automatic development, free from

any serious problems. In fact, that was very far from being the case. The problems were serious, but they were met successfully.

Canadians have always depended for a very high proportion of their incomes on exports. Traditionally we have sold more to the United Kingdom and Western Europe than we have bought, and the balance has been used to pay for our large excess of imports from the United States. To help restore the traditional British market after the war, Canada, like the United States, made a huge loan to Britain. Similar credits on a smaller scale were extended to other European countries. The British loan was, in fact, the first evidence of a new positive and dynamic role for Canada in world affairs.

From the time Mr. Louis St. Laurent became Secretary of State for External Affairs in 1946, there was a marked acceleration in the constructive activity of the Canadian Government. The initiatives in world affairs of Mr. St. Laurent and his Under-Secretary, Mr. L. B. Pearson, led, shortly after Mr. St. Laurent succeeded Mackenzie King as Prime Minister, to Canadian participation in the North Atlantic Treaty. In his first election campaign in 1949, Mr. St. Laurent's main appeal

CANADA GOES AHEAD



By courtesy of Canadian National Railways

PRESENT-DAY MONTREAL, FROM THE EAST

was for support of N.A.T.O. Participation in N.A.T.O. marked a deep shift from the quasi-isolationism of the years between the wars, which probably no one but a French-speaking Canadian Prime Minister could have persuaded the Canadian people to accept with unanimity and resolution.

In point of time, the first dynamic achievement of the St. Laurent Government was the completion of the original design of the Canadian Confederation by the union of Newfoundland with Canada. The terms of union were signed on December 11, 1948, and the actual union took place on March 31, 1949. From the time of the Alaska boundary award in 1903, thoughtful Canadians had been fearful that Newfoundland might become a second Alaska on the East coast and that the strategic and psychological effect on Canada might be fatal to our existence as a separate nation. The union of Newfoundland with Canada strengthened Canada and also strengthened our ties with the Atlantic community.

For years, Canadians and Americans had dreamed of a deep-sea waterway into the heart of the North American continent, but powerful pressure groups frustrated the realization of this dream. In 1949, Mr. St. Laurent advised President Truman that

Canada was prepared to develop the St. Lawrence Seaway on its own. This bold decision started the train of events which will culminate with the opening this month, by the Queen and President Eisenhower, of the greatest inland waterway in the world.

But, in the light of our past attitudes, perhaps Mr. St. Laurent's most remarkable achievement was the securing of the unanimous approval of the Canadian public for the despatch of thousands of Canadian troops to fight in the Korean war. As Prime Minister, he revealed an almost uncanny capacity to convince the public that policies and actions which, in fact, marked a wide departure from traditional Canadian attitudes, were not merely right but inevitable. In the process, he made the task of governing Canada, traditionally regarded as one of the most difficult countries in the world to govern successfully, seem so easy that many Canadians believed anybody could do successfully what he did with so little apparent effort.

At the same time, the combination of continuing prosperity, rapid development and relative equality for all regions of Canada and all kinds of Canadians brought about a much deeper sense of unity than Canadians had ever known before. Few



Karsh

MR. LOUIS ST. LAURENT

Canadians seemed to realize that development, prosperity and relative equality were all based on a sound foundation of wise financial policies, bold economic initiatives and a climate of confidence which were not accidental.

The foundations of recent national development were described by the former Minister of Trade and Commerce, Mr. C. D. Howe, in 1958, in these words:—

The true public interest and the true interests of the business community are seldom, if ever, fundamentally opposed in a country like Canada. This is a country in which there is ample scope for both public enterprise and private enterprise. If our national development had been left entirely to private enterprise, Canada would not have attained its present stature as a nation. And unless government continues to take the lead by well-planned initiatives, guidance and regulation, it will not continue to develop as it should.

Equally, anyone who was in government as long as I was is happy that there are, in Canada, business men looking for opportunities to make money and prepared to take risks. There is, in fact, no feasible alternative to private enterprise, if the economy is to be vigorous, progressive and flexible.

The bold imagination and economic intuition which Mr. C. D. Howe brought to the problems of government in war and in

the post-war period contributed mightily to the pace and strength of Canadian development.

But those who sat in the Cabinet with Mr. Howe and Mr. St. Laurent were never in any doubt about who sat at the head of the table. Mr. St. Laurent embodies in his own person qualities of which all Canadians are proud. He is equally at home in both official languages and equally the heir of both historic traditions. His roots are firmly in the soil of Canada yet his presence lends distinction to any company anywhere in the world. But his greatest appeal to ordinary men and women is his total lack of pretence or pretensions, his encyclopaedic knowledge of all aspects of public affairs, his obvious devotion to duty, and his deep and almost instinctive recognition of the equality and dignity of all men and women regardless of race or station. Though far from a typical Canadian, for most Canadians he became a symbol of Canada. Political defeat, when it came, was defeat of the St. Laurent Government, not of Mr. St. Laurent. Louis St. Laurent is today the most highly respected citizen of Canada.

* * *

It is too soon to say whether the end of twenty-two years of Liberal Government in 1957 marked any fundamental change in the direction of Canadian development, though it has certainly marked a pause.

Superficially, of course, the change of government appeared to be a reaction of the Canadian people against the fear of domination of Canada by the United States, coupled with a reaction of Anglo-Saxon Canada against the Liberal Government's attitude in the Suez crisis which was widely represented by the Conservative Party as anti-British. But as the elections of 1957 and 1958 recede into the background, the Conservative Government, having no positive attitudes of its own, except a tendency towards creeping protectionism in trade, seems to be falling back into many of the positions taken by its predecessor.

When in Opposition, the Conservatives accused the Liberal Government of turning the resources of the country over to Texas buccaneers and of relying too much on the American market, a tendency which they called putting all Canada's trade eggs into one basket. Since 1956 there has been a marked decline in American investment in

Canada accompanied by a corresponding decline in the trade deficit with the United States, but these developments have not been the occasion for much public rejoicing. For a brief period there was brave talk about the diversion of Canadian purchases from the United States to the United Kingdom, but instead of diversions there have actually been increased barriers against British exports to Canada.

Speaking of Canada's economic relations with the United States, Professor John Deutsch of the University of British Columbia, formerly a leading Federal Treasury official, said in October, 1957:—

Some Canadians have a strange schizophrenic approach to the economic facts of life. We want rapid expansion — but some appear not to want the American investment which makes it possible. We want prosperity —but we fear the American trade on which it is based. We cannot have it both ways. We can either develop our country ourselves and accept a lower rate of growth and prosperity or else we must do business with the United States.

In fact this close economic interdependence is almost inevitable. Looking ahead twenty-five years, the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects forecast that the network of economic ties would be even more closely knit, and suggested the relationship would be easier "if more Americans could remember to think of Canada, not as a hinterland, but as a country," and if Canadians could recognize "how much they have profited from having as neighbours a people so productive, so ingenious and so capable of magnanimity". Observers from other countries would gravely misjudge the Canadian people if they concluded that occasional evidences of irritation with the United States represent any real hostility. The truth seems to be that anti-Americanism in Canada is only skin-deep, and beneath it is a recognition of mutual inter-dependence that goes right to the bone.

Canadians do not like the Americans to take them for granted and they certainly do not want to be dominated, much less absorbed; but they do not want either to have bad relations with the United States and they would quickly repudiate any government that failed, for long, to co-operate with the United States. Yet Canadians are firmly resolved to remain a separate nation, and thoughtful Canadians recognize the need of a counterpoise to the vast power and

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METHUEN

influence of the United States which is exerted steadily, relentlessly and largely unconsciously on our national life.

Professor Frank Underhill, one of the most discerning of Canadian historians, recently wrote:—

All our Canadian existence since 1783 has depended upon our successful manipulation of our particular North Atlantic triangle—the triangle of Canada, Great Britain, and the United States. Until very recently our Canadian world has in effect consisted of this triangle. Canada could not exist for long if the relationship between the two big members of the triangle were one of war, even of cold war. She requires a state of peaceful co-existence between the British and the Americans . . . Given this state of peaceful co-existence we survive as a distinct individual Canadian entity by the feat of balancing ourselves in a triangle of forces in which Britain is at one corner and the United States at the other corner of the triangle.

The British corner of the triangle is no longer weighty enough . . . It seems to me that since 1945 our Canadian policy should have been to give all possible support to projects for the closer integration of the States of Western Europe. Here is where we may find our new balance against the overwhelming weight of the United States.

The new leader of the Liberal Party, Mr. L. B. Pearson, has gone even further and suggested a closer association of the whole Atlantic Community, and urged the N.A.T.O. countries to give the lead to freer trade arrangements on a broader than N.A.T.O. basis. Mr. Pearson has described the conception of a European free trade area as "an encouraging and significant step", but he has also said its success would be incomplete, and indeed might be divisive, unless it could be followed by the gradual development of an Atlantic free trade area. Meanwhile many Canadians agree with Mr. Pearson that any and all proposals for closer economic co-operation in the free world should receive active consideration, and many share his regret at the reluctance of the present Government of Canada to examine seriously the 1957 proposals of the United Kingdom for an Anglo-Canadian free trade area.

* * *

Though we did borrow the idea of federalism from the Americans in 1867, we have borrowed little else in the political field. Canadians remain steadfastly devoted to the British model of Parliamentary government. Most Canadians are complacently convinced that it is superior to all other

forms of human government. Our attachment to British political institutions is no doubt strengthened by the steady and increasing number of politicians and public servants who completed their education at Oxford and other British universities. And, despite the vast improvement in post-graduate facilities in Canadian universities, there is still no shortage of applicants for Rhodes Scholarships and the many other scholarships available to Canadians for study in Britain.

In the past decade, the pace of Canadian growth has been increased by large-scale immigration of both manpower and capital and we have shown a remarkable capacity to absorb both and to transform them into good Canadian citizens and good Canadian enterprises. It is doubtful if immigration on the same relative scale is likely to be resumed after the drastic decline of the past two years. The rising birth-rate is now being reflected annually in a rising labour force and there is not likely to be either the demand for or, for that matter, the supply of immigrants that was characteristic of the post-war period. But there can be little doubt that capital from outside Canada will be required for many years to come, though most observers expect the relative share of domestically accumulated capital to increase steadily.

One thing can be predicted with confidence. Despite Mr. St. Laurent's unique capacity to make it appear easy, we are beginning to learn again that Canada continues to be a difficult country to govern. In the future, as in the past, the governing of Canada will require continuing political inventiveness in which Canadians in the past have never long proved to be deficient. Indeed, Canadians take some pride in the fact that their political inventiveness has proved useful beyond the boundaries of Canada.

In the United Nations, through the Colombo Plan and in other ways, Canada has made a relatively large constructive material and technical contribution to less developed nations, but because of the kind of adaptability and inventiveness required in the governing of the Canadian nation, it may well be that, in the future, as in the recent past, Canada's most useful contribution to other nations may be in the field of international statesmanship.

J. W. PICKERSGILL.

JOHN DIEFENBAKER

WHEN the people of Canada woke up the morning after the General Election of June 10th, 1957, their reaction was likened by one cartoonist to that of the man who had shot Santa Claus with a gun he did not know was loaded. They were stunned, dismayed, then gradually elated to find that they had at last put an end to the seemingly interminable regime of the Liberal Party. The public opinion polls had been wrong, as they had been in the United States in 1948 (and as they may be now in Britain).

Most surprised of all were the Progressive Conservatives. Under their new leader, John Diefenbaker, they had worked with furious energy and devotion, but few of them expected victory. Nor, in fact, had they won an outright victory (the C.C.F. Party held the balance), but the Liberals were unable to carry on. While Prime Minister St. Laurent made up his mind to resign, John Diefenbaker, with his flair for the picturesque gesture, had gone fishing in his home Province of Saskatchewan. Newspapers splashed pictures across their front pages of the Tory leader in soft felt hat and brightly checked sports shirt displaying his catch of lake trout to admiring friends.

The man who led the Conservative Party out of the political wilderness is no ordinary man, though he has many ordinary characteristics. His greatest asset, and perhaps his most striking trait, is the force of his personality and appearance. A Baptist, he brings to the political platform the mannerisms and the verbal imagery of the pulpit; a lawyer, he recalls in his speeches the technique of a good counsel for the defence. He may at times seem to be a mixture of Billy Graham and Sir Patrick Hastings. His slender, nervous figure, the flaring nostrils and exaggerated gestures, make an immediate appeal to an unsophisticated audience. He is particularly effective on television—and knows it. Some of his unkind critics say that he has something in common with a medicine man, and that his nostrils are no longer valuable; but he still goes down well with the masses and it is only very recently that murmurings of impatience have begun to be heard. The crowd around

the medicine man's tent still relishes the entertainment, but some hecklers are asking whether or not the medicine really works.

John George Diefenbaker was born on December 18th, 1895. His father was a school-teacher of Germanic extraction; his mother's family came from the Highlands of Scotland. When he was eight years old his parents settled in Saskatchewan, where his father farmed 160 acres of untouched land sixty miles north-west of Saskatoon and twelve miles from the nearest community. Later, they moved into Saskatoon so that the boy could complete high school. He subsequently went on to the University of Saskatchewan, where he took his B.A. in 1915 and his LL.B. in 1919. Between these two graduations he was commissioned in the Army, went overseas, but was invalidated home to Canada without having seen action.

Diefenbaker, who is the first Canadian Prime Minister to be raised on the Prairies, has said of his boyhood on the farm that one either developed an absorbing interest in the outdoor life or one turned to books. He did the latter. His reading now, and apparently since quite an early age, consists mainly of history and political biography. Gladstone and Lincoln were among his heroes. To help pay his way through school he worked as a farm labourer, taught in a country school, sold books in rural Saskatchewan on a bicycle, and even sold newspapers. Once, outside the railway station at Saskatoon, he sold a newspaper to Sir Wilfrid Laurier (among the most illustrious occupants of his present office) who gave him a dollar and the advice that he might one day aspire to head the government himself.

His first try in politics was in 1926, as candidate against no less a man than Mackenzie King. In all, he made five unsuccessful attempts in Dominion and Provincial elections before he was elected to the House of Commons in 1940. Unlike many of his contemporaries he had thrown in his lot with one of the two established national parties, instead of becoming involved in the protest movements and new



MR. DIEFENBAKER SPEAKING AT THE ALBERT HALL DURING HIS VISIT TO BRITAIN LAST YEAR. Keystone

parties that have featured largely in Prairie politics. But his judgment was not soon rewarded. Throughout the 'thirties and 'forties Saskatchewan was a desert for the Conservatives. When he was himself returned he was the only Tory from Saskatchewan in the House of Commons at Ottawa.

Apart from politics, his profession was that of a lawyer, and his first practice was in the village of Wakaw—a community of some 800 inhabitants. As a criminal lawyer he prospered, but he also did a number of good deeds without the hope of remuneration. For instance, after the second World War he appeared in cases for the Canadian-Japanese, who had been treated with incredible harshness; and in 1951, when a railway telegrapher was charged with manslaughter as the result of a train smash, Diefenbaker paid \$1,500 from his own pocket to become a member of the Bar of British Columbia so that he could defend the man (whose acquittal, incidentally, he won).

As a Member of Parliament he quickly emerged into the front rank. His opinions were moderate, he was not unduly partisan, and he got the ear of the House. At the first Tory leadership convention after his election he was seriously considered as a candidate. At the convention of 1948 he was so strong a contender that the hard-core

Ontario Tories organized a behind-the-scenes "Stop Diefenbaker" campaign, and George Drew won the leadership. Diefenbaker continued to fight "Rightism" in the party caucus and he supported most of the Liberal Government's social welfare measures. He is credited with having drawn the Conservatives away from opposition to family allowances—the so-called "baby bonus"—which some Tories regarded as an outright bribe to Quebec, with its large families. He advocated a Canadian Citizenship Act (which the Liberals then passed, Mackenzie King acknowledging Diefenbaker's part in preparing the way for it) and a Canadian Bill of Rights (which his own Government is now introducing). He urged that Canada increase her contribution to the Colombo Plan. On Suez he was *not* prominent in condemning the Liberals for failing to back the British.

In 1956 George Drew was suddenly taken ill and retired (he has now recovered and is High Commissioner in London). In two elections the Tories had made no headway, Diefenbaker was the obvious successor and he was chosen to lead without much opposition. It has been said that in 1957 "he talked Canada to the Canadians and they lapped it up". It is also probably true that the Liberals had been in power for too long and a change was overdue. However, that may be, the Tories under Diefenbaker won 113 of the 265 seats. Choosing his time

JOHN DIEFENBAKER

carefully for another Dissolution, Diefenbaker went to the country again last year and won 208 seats—wiping out one party (Social Credit), almost wiping out another (the Socialist C.C.F.), and reducing the Liberals to the state in which the Tories had languished until he took over. Quebec had given him its support in 1958 on the shrewd calculation that “if you can’t lick ‘em you’d better join ‘em”. It was one of the most notable reversals of fortune in the whole history of democratic government.

When he became the thirteenth Canadian Prime Minister since Confederation Diefenbaker had never held Ministerial office of any kind; and the same was true of every member of his Government except one (who had been a Minister without Portfolio for a few months). Many of the newcomers lacked even Parliamentary experience, but they had the advantage of youth (the Tories elected more under-forties than had ever been seen in Parliament before).

Not unnaturally, the Diefenbaker Government has made an uneasy start. Some of its troubles were inherited. It was not responsible for the sharp down-turn in the economy and the consequent rise in unemployment to about 10 per cent. On the other hand it has so far shown little ingenuity in dealing with this problem. The cancellation of the Arrow programme (the Arrow was an aircraft ordered by the Liberal Government for the R.C.A.F.) was perhaps inevitable, but the Conservatives incurred odium when 13,000 workers were sacked.

Diefenbaker, it must be admitted, has shown a tendency to mistake the big image for the workable plan. The idea of switching more buying from the United States to Britain is a case in point. This was a fine idea and one with which most Canadians agreed. But it was no more than an idea when Diefenbaker unguardedly mentioned to reporters the figure of 15 per cent., on his return from the 1957 Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. The 15 per cent. figure was unrealistic and the Government has been backing away from it ever since. The same is true of the Prime Minister’s “Northland vision”. New roads were to be laid into the frozen North, vast stores of wealth were to be unlocked, communities were to spring up. Anyone who now refers to “the vision” in the presence

of Conservative Ministers is looked at closely for signs of sarcasm, or worse.

There has recently been trouble between the Federal Government and the Government of Newfoundland, in which the former has behaved with singular ineptitude. The Liberal administration in Newfoundland intervened in a particularly vicious labour dispute, and to deal with the difficulties which ensued the Federal Government was asked to send Royal Canadian Mounted Police to the island. (A number of Provinces have contracts with Ottawa to supply R.C.M.P. as needed). In this case Ottawa was understandably fearful of being held guilty of providing Federal police for union-busting activities, and so refused. The Commissioner of the R.C.M.P. promptly resigned, on the ground that he had been rendered incapable of fulfilling his contract. Then the Prime Minister announced that Parliament would be asked to approve grants totalling \$36,500,000 to Newfoundland as final and irrevocable settlement of the terms of union. The timing of this announcement could hardly have been worse, since the commission which had been set up to consider Newfoundland’s special needs after it joined the Dominion of Canada in 1949 had recommended that payments to this newest (and backward) Province should go on indefinitely; and the Liberals were therefore able to accuse the Government of bad faith and deliberate malice aimed at its political opponents in Newfoundland.

The Prime Minister is also criticized for his delay in appointing a new Secretary of State for External Affairs to succeed Dr. Sidney Smith, who died in March. Perhaps Diefenbaker enjoys looking after foreign affairs himself (he was “Shadow Foreign Secretary” in the Tory Opposition when Drew was leader). Last year he went round the world. While in Britain he made a pilgrimage to the home of his maternal ancestors and addressed, with Harold Macmillan, a large meeting at the Albert Hall. An English witness of this occasion, writing in a Canadian paper, said of Diefenbaker:—“... he is like a prophet who has come to lead the people away from sin to glory... In the end it is the spirit rather than the logic of the man that overwhelms”. His speech was a thicket of unfinished sentences, involved interpolations and florid phrases, yet he has probably already made as clear an impact on the British public as

Mackenzie King in all his years of power.

Does his strong personality justify the criticism that he is turning the Government of Canada into a one-man show? No — because he has the necessary ability to delegate work to his Ministers, and they in turn have been receptive to advice from their civil service staffs. It is fair, too, to observe that the Cabinet now meets more often (two or three times a week) than under the Liberal regime, though this does not represent any corresponding increase in efficiency. The Cabinet as at present constituted leaves much room for improvement.

* * *

The Prime Minister works about fourteen hours a day. He is up at 6 a.m., at his office by 8 a.m. He lunches at his desk on as many days as he lunches at home or elsewhere. He neither drinks nor smokes. He tries to be in bed by 9.30 p.m. He has few close friends.

Yet he is no recluse. The Diefenbakers (his present wife, Olive, is his second: the first died ten years ago) are not much seen at the various embassy and official parties in Ottawa; but they entertain rather more than their predecessors at 24, Sussex Street—Canada's "No. 10". Much of their entertaining is informal and the guests may include people who would not normally be found on a Prime Minister's list. For instance, when he returned from his world tour the crew of his aircraft, and their wives, were invited to spend an evening with the Diefenbakers.

It may be that Diefenbaker is more interested in politics as the art of managing men than as the art of government in its fullest sense. Like Baldwin, he spends a lot of time in the Commons Chamber. He prefers the spoken to the written word. Some people who know him well fear that vanity may prove to be the fatal flaw in his character; he hates criticism and will go out of his way to court popularity. But he is also shrewd and his career has owed as much to the qualities of patience and perseverance as to the tricks of the demagogue.

What does he stand for? This is a question which cannot be answered with exactitude. Writing of the United States, Herbert Agar has said that the successful American party must be a "department store" party, appealing to all sections of the community. It is within the party, rather than in parliament, that the major conflicts of interest between regions, classes and races have to be resolved. An American party leader must therefore eschew dogma and promote compromise within the party framework. There is no reason to doubt Diefenbaker's capacity to do this, for the principles to which he is never tired of dedicating himself are unexceptionable and platitudinous. He is against sin and for the rights of the individual; he believes in Canada; and his party embraces such a wide cross-section of the community that his definitions of sin appear to be acceptable to most Canadians.

MASTERPIECES ON THE MOVE

By TOM POCOCK

ONLY perhaps in the count-down to the firing of a moon-probe rocket is such suspense generated as in the count-up to the selling price at the auction of a great painting. On such occasions the sale-room at Christie's or Sotheby's fills to the doors with a crowd composed of those who might at other times be found at a fashionable private view, at the boxing ring or in the most exclusive enclosure at any big sporting event. There will be newspaper reporters, photographers and newsreel cameramen. Somewhere in the throng there will, of

course, also be the dealers for whom this is their market-place.

In these excited, crowded rooms the temperature and the prices rise, and as each new record is broken the auctioneers forecast that *now* the boom has reached its peak. But for a decade they have been wrong and prices have continued to rise. Since the seven Impressionist paintings of the Goldschmidt Collection fetched nearly £800,000 at Sotheby's recently, wise dealers have given up prophecies. Half-stunned with success, the auctioneers and dealers

MASTERPIECES ON THE MOVE

watch prices double and triple. The Picasso *La Belle Hollandaise*, which would have fetched £5,000 in 1950, sells at Sotheby's for £55,000. At the same sale paintings by Cézanne and Utrillo sell for three or four times the amount they would have attracted ten years ago.

Before examining present trends in the picture market, the reason for the present boom must be established. First, there is a great demand for good paintings. New galleries and museums all over the world—and particularly in North America—bid against each other for the very limited number of good pictures on the market and everything they buy is at once permanently off the market. Fine pictures are also, among the very rich, a sign of success and good taste, and an increasingly sound investment.

Both in the United States and in this country there are very real advantages in picture-collecting. In America an income tax rebate of up to 30 per cent. of the total is offered to those who buy "works of national importance" and undertake to bequeath them to the State. This automatically puts the richest American buyers far ahead of the field.

The British buyer, too, can benefit by investing in pictures. Death duty payable on "works of national importance" is assessed separately from that payable on the rest of an estate and need only be paid if the pictures are sold abroad or to a private collector in this country. Duty at the rate applicable at the time it was assessed must then be paid, *unless* the pictures are sold to a national collection, in which case none is demanded. Thus, with careful buying, it would be possible, technically at least, to avoid all death duties by investing in pictures.

Since the War, new markets have opened, particularly in Germany and in Italy. Indeed the Italians have spent so much on the import of pictures that the Government has had severely to limit the buying.

Scarcity of really good pictures keeps the prices high. Apart from those swallowed up by museums and galleries, the present prosperity of Western Europe enables private owners to keep their best paintings and with prices constantly rising it is in their interest to do so. Soon after the War there was a sudden spate of privately-owned pictures in the sale-room, but this has steadily dwindled so that now it is usually

the unwanted paintings that are being sold and really fine pictures are comparatively rare in the weekly auctions. "If only there was *one good Landseer!*" a dealer could be heard bewailing at a recent sale.

The sale-room atmosphere, already described, helps to force the prices. This is particularly true when two rich buyers bid against one another. In one auction two Gauguins, of comparable quality and each valued at about £40,000, came up. One was bought by a Bond Street dealer for £35,000. The other was desired by two Greek shipping millionaires and finally sold for £110,000.

When picture-selling is discussed it is always the French Impressionists that come first to mind. For two years experts have been forecasting the end of the boom, only to find that a Cézanne—the most popular of the Impressionists—can still fetch £220,000. But now the prices are so high that good Impressionists are only within the reach of the very richest collectors, usually American, and museums such as that at Cleveland, recently left \$20,000,000 to spend on pictures.

In the picture market the Americans have been the pace-setters since the days of Duveen. It was they who began the fashion for Impressionists. This was linked directly with changes in interior decoration. Americans grew tired of the sombre eighteenth century portraits for which they had paid tens of thousands of pounds apiece in the nineteen-twenties. The Impressionists, they found, painted light, cheerful, brilliantly-coloured pictures and there were many in Europe to be bought.

So it is that paintings shipped from London to the United States thirty years ago are returning by the score and it is often cheaper for a British dealer to buy an eighteenth century portrait in New York than in a London sale-room. Eventually, when fashion changes, the Impressionists may also return. In any case, experts are now saying that if you have an Impressionist this is the time to sell.

Those wishing to invest in pictures are usually advised to buy Old Masters. For several years now they have maintained a steady rise in price, unaffected by sudden fashion-changes. Otherwise the advice is to buy "anything really good" and this in terms of money generally means an oil painting costing upwards of £8,000. Best of all is "a picture with a history," one that



A.P.

THE SCENE AT SOTHEY'S LAST MONTH DURING THE AUCTION OF PICASSO'S
LA BELLE HOLLANDAISE.

will always be wanted by a museum.

Beyond these "safe buys," picture-investing can be risky. Italian *capriccios* by Zuccarelli and Pannini quadrupled their value between 1950 and last year, but are now going out of fashion. Victorian "silks and satins" subjects and the extraordinary Italian "red cardinals" are also going out of fashion, as the taste of the newly-rich buyers who once clamoured for them improves. A "cardinal" that could fetch £1,500 in Jermyn Street five years ago will now be lucky to get near £500.

One of the most extraordinary of sale-room booms has been in the works of the nineteenth century Canadian painter Krieghoff. His pictures of Canadian country life were of little value before the War and it was rare that one could be sold for more than £20. But now he has been discovered. The number of competent artists painting in Victorian Canada was minute and Krieghoff at once achieves rarity value. In growing Canada, Canadian painting is in great demand for civic and university galleries—foremost among them being Lord Beaverbrook's remarkable gallery at Fredericton—

and Krieghoff prices are now always three-figure, often four.

At the very beginning of this fashion—during the War—a fine pair of large Krieghoffs sold for £300. Now, the dealer who sold them says sadly, they would fetch £12,000 each.

While the value of "good pictures" rises and the fashions for "middle rank" pictures change there is an increasing demand for the relatively cheap painting and in this field buyers with good taste have made money. At a London dealer's—but not one in Bond Street or St. James's—it was possible, two or three years ago, to buy a charming little eighteenth century landscape, or sea piece, for as little as £5. That same picture will probably be worth three or four times that amount today. Many dealers would be happy to buy back, for more than they received, paintings they sold a few years ago, in the knowledge that they could still make a worth-while profit.

Victorian paintings—with the exception of "period pieces"—are rising fast in value and even vast canvases that few modern buildings could house are finding a ready

market—in Spain.

The move of the mass of the more modest private collectors from large middle-class houses into small modern houses and flats has been partly responsible for the recent boom in water-colours. Because they fade quickly in sunlight and lack the opulent air of oil paintings, water-colours have long been extraordinarily cheap. Because of this, and the fact that they fit easily into small rooms and hang with equal elegance among old or modern furnishings, water-colours are now in great demand.

Again it is the "good" pictures that are in demand, particularly those by artists best known for their work in oils. A Constable in oils may cost £3,000, but a drawing may sell for only £200. One of the most marked rises in popularity is that of Edward Lear. Ten years ago there were dozens of Lear water-colours selling for about £10, but now these same paintings fetch £75-£100 and more. Rowlandson, too, is fetching higher and higher prices. One of his finest drawings—of Vauxhall Gardens—was bought from a junk dealer for a pound, and sold at Christie's for £2,730!

That was, of course, an astonishing stroke of luck, of a sort that is becoming increasingly rare. Ten years ago it was still possible for a knowledgeable dealer to find bargains at country sales. England still has the largest number of good private collections—apart from the magnificent collections of the Royal Family and the dukes there are dozens of country houses filled with fine pictures, collected over two centuries, which have not yet been eroded by death duties and income tax—and when one of these was to be sold only the largest

and most important came to general notice through the Press. Since then an enterprising Press cuttings agency has started publishing a daily bulletin of all sales throughout the country. This has both eased the task of the itinerant dealer and destroyed the hunting-ground of the private buyer hoping for a bargain. It has so increased the prices at these sales that dealers often find it is cheaper to bid for a painting at Sotheby's or Christie's than in the house where it is sold. Part of the reason for this may be that a picture may look better than it really is when seen hanging in a handsome room—and flag sadly when seen being humped into the sale-room by a porter.

So London and the two leading sale-rooms have become the centre of the picture market for the British Isles, for Europe and for the rest of the world. It is cheaper to buy and sell in London because the auctioneer's commission here is only 10 per cent., whereas in Germany it is up to 20 per cent., and up to 15 per cent. in the United States. Coupled with this is the fact that for the last four years it has been possible to import pictures from America, with the result that a fifth of the paintings sold in London are now coming from there. It is America that the big dealers are watching, and particularly the American woman. For it is she who decides new trends in interior decoration and, when the fashion for the Impressionists finally comes to an end, it will be she who chooses their successors. She will decide whose fortunes are to be made in the sale-rooms of Bond Street and St. James's.

TOM POCKOCK.

BATTLE OF FLOWERS

By DENYS SMITH

THAT scene of many a fierce political inquisition, the Senate Caucus Room, looked like a peaceful flower show during the early days of May. On one ten-foot-long table were masses of roses; on others were carnations, marigolds, and corn tassels. One table was covered with nothing but lush green turf. The exhibit was arranged as part of a debate which has

fitfully engaged both Houses of Congress this session over the selection of a floral emblem for the United States.

America can match the British lion with its eagle. But there is an embarrassing lacuna when it comes to matching the English rose. Discrimination, even between fauna and flora, is obviously an un-American principle which should be dis-

couraged. But trying to find a national flower acceptable to all Americans is as difficult as finding a common Western policy with which to face the Russians.

If it seems surprising that the United States has managed to survive for a century and three-quarters without a national flower it should be remembered that it had no official anthem until March 3rd, 1931. Before that date some thirty efforts had been made to give the *Star-Spangled Banner* official status, but all were unsuccessful. President Wilson ordered Army and Navy bands to play it when appropriate in 1916, but for civilian use *America* ("My Country 'tis of Thee") was usually preferred, sung to the same tune as *God Save the Queen*. Nobody objected too much that the *Star-Spangled Banner* was rather rude about the British, having been composed by Francis Scott Key while watching the British fleet bombard Fort McHenry, Baltimore, in 1814. The main objection was to the tune, a drinking song once popular in London taverns, *To Anacreon in Heaven*.

In 1931, however, Americans were getting just a little tired of Prohibition, so the tune's vinous origin was not such an obstacle. On the other hand anti-British feeling was quite strong about that time (Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson was telling King George to keep his snoot out of Chicago) which was an argument against making *America* the official national anthem. People might mutter "God Save the King" under their breath. Another rival, *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean*, was borrowed from *Britannia the Pride of the Ocean*. Opponents rested their main case on the argument that the *Star-Spangled Banner* had a difficult range of one and one-fifth octaves. There was a high note which nobody but a trained opera singer could tackle without screeching.

In fact a few years after its official adoption one trained opera singer, the Metropolitan tenor Frederick Jagel, filed a suit attacking the legality of Congressional action taken, so he averred, when the country was too depressed by the depression to object. He could not sing it properly and he did not believe anybody else could.

If the tune is moved to a lower key the high notes are possible but the low notes become an inaudible rumble ("O, say, can you hear?"). Only last year Congress discussed the possibility of modifying the tune to make it more singable, which led to a

new drive to have a different national anthem adopted, which would be less militaristic. But this year the proposal to choose another anthem has been thrust aside. First things first; a national flower must be picked.

If you look at the back of any standard American dictionary you will find, usually as a subdivision of "Facts Worth Knowing" or some similar title, a list of State flowers (there are State birds, too). Almanacs and directories list the State flower along with other such important data as area and population. In most cases the flowers have been designated by a vote of the State Legislature, though sometimes custom or the school boards are responsible. Only three States—Missouri, Pennsylvania and South Carolina, along with Washington, the national capital—have neglected to make a choice.

The State flower of Alaska is the forget-me-not—an appropriate choice, since it took from 1868 to 1958 to fulfil the early promise of Statehood. The Oklahoma Legislature voted for the mistletoe, a piece of unexpected gallantry for a State usually regarded as part of the Bible Belt. The motive which led the Legislature of Nebraska to designate the goldenrod is obscure. It sounds like a calculated affront to all hay-fever sufferers. Nobody could call it a flower not to be sneezed at. On the other hand nobody could quarrel with Kansas's choice of the sunflower, unless he wanted to wear his State flower as a button-hole.

Various members of Congress have proposed that their State flower should be elevated to national rank. Others, foreseeing complications if State and national flower were the same, have offered suitable alternatives. Senator Morton of Kentucky, a State which has adopted the trumpet vine as its State flower, proposed that the national emblem should be grass, preferably Kentucky blue grass. Admittedly, it is not a flower, but if Ireland uses the shamrock there is no reason to reject it on that account. Another competitor not usually regarded as a flower is the corn tassel, which has the backing of several farm States as something native-born and typically American.

The Kentucky Bankers' Association is officially banking on grass. It was particularly sarcastic about the corn tassel and its claim to represent virility as the male portion of the maize plant. "For only a few

BATTLE OF FLOWERS

days it is virile, then in its last wild rampage it scatters its pollen to the wide ranges of the compass, fades, dies and is gone for ever," it declared in a petition to Congress.

Senator Gordon Allott, of Colorado, proposed the carnation. He maintained that this flower, not the corn tassel, was the best symbol of "fertility, virility, stability and courage." This so aroused Senator Hickenlooper, of Iowa, fervent backer of the corn tassel, that he hit below the belt with the observation that the carnation was the flower most used in funerals.

Senator Beall, of Maryland, tired of all this talk of masculine virtues, offered a joint resolution naming the State flower of Maryland, the black-eyed Susan (a dog daisy with a black centre) as the national flower. He insisted it was "symbolic of the spirit of women and of their helpfulness in the founding of our great Republic. It is suggestive of man's appreciation of the peaceful influence of women in world affairs." It will have been noted by now that the language in which this important question is debated is, inevitably, flowery.

Daffodils and marigolds have their supporters, but the strongest backing at the moment is being given to the rose. Here commerce has reared its ugly head. Rose growers from many States have praised its beauty and suitability for anything but aesthetic reasons. Once a flower becomes the national flower its sales are bound to increase. Pennsylvania which has no State flower is backing the rose. Texas has deserted its State flower, the bluebonnet, to back the rose. The town of Tyler in Texas, observed a Texan member of the House, is known (at least in Tyler) as the "rose capital of America."

Mrs. Weis, a Republican member of the House of Representatives from New York, is another rose champion. In the course of a speech she referred to "this lower but sturdier House" which at once brought the Democratic leader, Mr. McCormack, to his feet. The House might be sturdier but certainly was not lower than the Senate. "It is a coordinate branch of Congress." This side excursion into arboreal metaphor being settled Mrs. Weis was able to continue her floral lecture. More people backed the rose than any other flower. Iowa, Georgia, North Dakota and New York all had the rose as their State flower. Members from other States such as California and Arizona which grew roses would also welcome it. "If America is to have a national flower it

should represent in every sense the wishes of the majority."

The official California entry, however, is the poppy, the State flower. Senator Kuchel, a Republican, declared:

Although most breath-taking when seen in an eye-catching blanket as a spring flower, the ubiquitous and brilliant California poppy is so adaptable and hardy that it will be welcoming my colleagues from across the aisle in midsummer when — like the gold-seekers of a century ago — they trek to the Pacific coast in search of a candidate for the Presidency of this great Nation . . . California's Indians found its feathery foliage when boiled made nourishing food and early Spaniards extracted a hair dressing from oils derived from the plant.

Picking a national flower because it provides a good hair dressing is no doubt an important consideration today, when so many hair-raising events occur.

For some reason these floral resolutions have all been referred to the Judiciary committee of each House. Admittedly picking the nation's floral emblem is a question of judgment, but nevertheless the committee on Agriculture would have seemed more appropriate. In due course the committee will listen to witnesses and after due deliberation make its decision. Though the rose seems to be the front runner (a Gallup poll indicated that Americans prefer it by eighteen to one) it may not last the course. Gallup polls have been wrong before. Moreover the argument that the rose is overworked, or represents the insidious influence of England, may in the end bring about its doom. There may even be some floral competitor at present blushing unseen which will seem so right and proper when suggested that all argument will be ended. It may be meek and mild, like the flower of the mountain laurel which grows everywhere, or something as flamboyant florally as the tune of the *Star-Spangled Banner* is musically; say, an orchid.

A still popular American story concerns Ferdinand the Bull. He looked fierce and so was trained for the ring. But there was nothing he liked better than to sneak away and sniff the beautiful flowers. There may be something of Ferdinand in the American character. As the battle of flowers goes on perhaps the image of the United States as a country dominated by generals anxious to launch a nuclear war will fade. All it really wants is to be left in peace to cultivate its garden.

DENYS SMITH.



THE HONOURS LIST is with us, and, as always at this time of year, my thoughts turn to that most fascinating and effective bedside book of all, long overdue for reprinting, *Burke's Extinct Peerage*. Do not think I am joining the Baron's Revolt, but the extraordinary thing about most of us peers is how *nouveau* we are. Even my Bank is older than all sixty-six Dukes and Marquesses except four—and one of those is a Scotsman. Abroad, most noblemen can trace their descent from heavenly bodies or days of the week, but here nobody seems to have been invented much before Charles II, and we make a poor showing in the *Almanach de Gotha*.

The answer, of course, is to be found in those 625 pages of dormant, extinct, forfeited and abeyant peerages. Very soothing it is, after a hard day in the Lords, to read about the Duke of Ancaster whose arms were three battering rams, barways in pale, proper, and know he is extinct; or about the Earl of Banbury, whose colleagues tried to get rid of him by passing a special Act declaring him illegitimate.

Nowadays oblivion of a different sort threatens the new peer. I remember how pleased my grandfather was, at his elevation, to cease being plain Mr. P., and how angry he was at a public function some time later when asked if he knew what became of that tiresome fellow Pile. It is probably best to stick to your surname, a growing habit which reaches its fullest flowering yet in Lord Jenkins of Ashley Gardens. Peers choosing, however, to derive their titles from foreign places—often a risky business—should select either (a) thinly populated places (North Cape, Alamein) or (b) places where the events commemorated are nothing to do with the inhabitants (Ypres, Burma, Tunis); the Kitchener of Khartoum type of title should nowadays be avoided. But what of the future? Now that life peerages exist, fewer and fewer people will take the hereditary sort, unless they wish to shield their children from the temptations of

the House of Commons. The hereditary peerage will soon cease to grow, then dwindle.

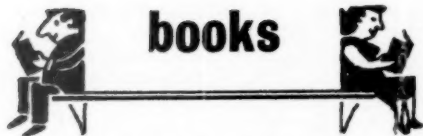
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CAN WE FALL BACK on baronets? Originally created by purchase, the tradition that baronets should be rich, like Lord Mayors, is a strong one. The best baronets are firmly seated, some way from London, and (as do successful doctors) have surnames for Christian names, like Sir Pitt Crawley or Sir Smith Robinson. This is because most successful baronets have at one time or another, or both, married an heiress; and retain a natural affection for her name without going so far as to hyphenate it. Baronets also possess an element of surprise, which it is sometimes possible to exploit. One is told that Sir Huntly Buncombe is a member of such and such a board or committee, and one's respect for the body grows as one pictures some capable mandarin or blunt-fingered industrialist—whereas the reality is often a charming youth. Inoffensively hereditary, mildly territorial, baronets are the jokers in the pack of knights. They should be encouraged, fostered even.

* * *

THE CASH NEXUS rears its curly head when it comes to knights. There are still donkeys whom the carrot of knighthood induces to work for low wages. Without honours, a civil service of comparable quality would be far more expensive than the one we have; and charitable causes would suffer. Ideally, knighthoods should only be given to people who do not want them, but a compromise might be to award them in future only to those who give *pleasure* (do not let the citations kid us that it is for "public services" or "services to art")—footballers, jockeys, actors and other artists. This happy trend is in fact increasing, and I hear that we shall shortly see over a certain cinema "Continuous performance with all-knight cast". But, without wishing to be doctrinaire, or slavish, could we not put a pencil through the lot, and have no more civilian honours? The analysis of motive is sufficiently terrifying without throwing in the C.B.E. There are too many haphazard distinctions between man and man already. Dare we not copy the Americans?

AXMINSTER.



WORDLY-WISE MYSTIC

ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY. By Jacques Maritain. Bles, 15s.

WHEN Jacques Maritain noticed that a friendly commentator on his works found in them suggestions for a philosophy of history, he was quite surprised, for he had prejudices against the subject since an early dissatisfaction with Hegel, and because "I have always shunned taking grand and imposing topics as sign-posts for my little essays".

Prodded by this discovery, he picked out and developed the thoughts which had led to it. The result is the four lectures which make up this book. Maritain is the doyen of Catholic philosophers of society and culture today, one for whom the Christian view of existence is the key not only to religion but also to the secular enterprises and failures of mankind. He approaches these with a large humanity and a mature worldly wisdom. The urbanity of his thought may give the reader a false impression that it lacks depth and grip, especially if compared with the moral dialectics of Reinhold Niebuhr or the turbulent paradoxes of Berdyaev, his two Christian compeers in this field. But to read these genial and unassuming pages is to come across frequent startling and rewarding insights. It makes the book something to get one's teeth into, whether one is a philosopher who shirks history, a historian who suspects philosophy, one who holds a rival view, a devotee who has dissociated the history of Christianity from that of the world, one who has too slickly identified them, or, as the author hopes to have among his readers, a statesman who would be the better for a philosophy of history.

Maritain holds that the supreme test of a philosophy is its ability to understand history, for the philosophy of history requires just the right interaction between the generalization without which it would not be philosophy, and government by the singular and concrete without which it would not be about history; he likens it to graphology or physiognomy. He shows great sympathy for the historians who distrust philosophy and argues that the distrust is valid in respect of most modern philo-

sophies of history, stemming as they do from Hegel and engulf the world of experience in logical entities or *a priori* patterns. History, he contends, is not a problem to be solved, but a mystery to be looked at. It "can be characterized, interpreted or deciphered in a certain measure and as to certain of its general aspects, to the extent to which we succeed in disclosing in it meaning or intelligible directions, and laws which enlighten events without necessitating them." There are thus historical destinies, but the course they take depends upon the free will of men; such, for example, would be the advent of democracy and technical mastery. It is in the course of discussing the relation of freedom in certain frameworks of historical necessity that Maritain brings in an interesting thesis on time. Judaeo-Christian religion, with its goal of history beyond time, inaugurated a linear view in which events really happen and are irreversible, in contrast to the cyclical view of the ancients. But then this linear view lost its connection with a trans-historical reality, and without that the linear view becomes just as determinist as the cyclical, running either to a fixed goal in time like that of Hegel, Comte or Marx, or to an indefinite millennium in the undated future. We are thus presented with a choice between the control of history by its inevitable goal in time, or a meaningless succession of events, or an eternal spiritual realm behind the flux exercising a tug upon it and giving it an intelligible movement without inevitability.

The intelligibility concerns the moral aspect of history, and a chapter is devoted to the theme that good and evil grow *pari passu* in its course. "The devil hangs like a vampire on the side of history." But while the devil is the adversary of God in the moral order, he is subservient to Him in the metaphysical order. So there is an increase of moral awareness throughout. Moral changes come about, not by any law of social evolution, but because their seeds have been sown by some religious or ethical influence and often lie dormant until they flower later, as in the abolition of slavery, humanity towards enemies or the rights of man in democracy. For Maritain these advances in moral awareness are due to the activity of the Kingdom of God upon the kingdoms of the world, outside as well as inside the Church.

No Christian philosopher gives more validity to the world and society than does Maritain, and after a discourse on the two meanings of "the world" in the New Testa-



Exclusive News Agency
JACQUES MARITAIN

ment—a good and a bad meaning—he asserts that there are natural valid ends, such as good politics, science and art, which are not just means to the supernatural excellence. And so he leads up to the conclusion that there is a natural goal of human history beside its final consummation beyond history. This natural end is threefold: "Mastery over nature; conquest of autonomy (i.e. in the secular spheres) and the manifestation of all the potentialities of human nature. But there is an opposite end . . . the waste and refuse consisting in the accumulation of evil in the course of history . . . a kind of inferno of which the world and the history of the world can only be freed if this world ceases to be, only if there is a completely new beginning, a new heaven and a new earth, a transfigured world . . . The final end of history is beyond history."

The argument is reinforced by reference to other philosophers of history from St. Augustine to Arnold Toynbee, by discussion of the data of anthropologists and sociologists, by an excursus on St. Paul's doctrine of Law, by an examination of Levy-Bruhl's theory of primitive mentality and by

a reassessment of the relations of magic, science and religion.

Maritain is now 77. This latest work of his can be considered as the fine flower of an output which has included such varied contributions as *The Degrees of Knowledge* in pure philosophy; *True Humanism*, a Christian prophecy for our time; *The Rights of Man*, on the ethics of politics; *Anti-Semitism*, a sustained attack. This output declares him to be one of the few intellectual men of our age for whom deep religious convictions are a powerful instrument for interpreting and disinfecting the world's own secular concerns. In this he represents on the plane of thought what Chesterton described as loving the world without trusting it overmuch.

V. A. DEMANT

RACIALISM OBSERVED

CENTRAL AFRICAN WITNESS. By Cyril Dunn.
Gollancz. 21s.

DOWN SECOND AVENUE. By Ezekiel Mphahlele. *Faber*. 18s.

I REMEMBER seeing Cyril Dunn at an African women's political meeting in Nairobi. He was squashed up between two large mummies in the third row from the back, and when I asked him what he was doing, he said, "getting the feel of Africa". *Central African Witness* is full of "the feel of Africa" and it is this that makes it not only a shrewd political study but also a first-class guide to the Rhodesias.

Mr. Dunn was the *Observer* correspondent in Southern Africa from 1954 to 1958. He had a good look at *apartheid* in the Union and a good look at partnership in Central Africa. It did not take him long to decide that only timing and temperament distinguished the one from the other and that British euphoria and British ignorance were sanctioning the creation of a second South Africa. His book is a plea to the people of this country not to be taken in by the gestures and promises of the Southern Rhodesian and the Federal Governments and to ensure that no more power is handed over to the settlers until the Africans have a real say in the government. To some extent events have overtaken this book; the people it sets out to startle have been startled already. But what is lost in surprise is gained in topicality and the background to the present crisis is vividly filled in.

Mr. Dunn's method is to expose gently, methodically and completely every example of humbug and double-talk, every piece of political casuistry, which since federation has been used to hide an oppressive system under the veil of democracy. He takes the fascinated reader from the young Welensky, arguing in 1949 that King Lewanika had no right to sign away the wealth of Northern Rhodesia to the copper companies because he was not the true representative of his people, to the present-day Welensky legislating, without a thought, for seven million Africans whose vote he has made negligible and whose voice he ignores. At another level he gives a verbatim account of the meeting held by the settlers of Rusape to consider how they could torment the Dutch girl who had married an African and settled in their town:

White Woman: "When she walks down the street in Rusape, the whites and the blacks will of course look the other way. She must take what is coming to her."
White Man: "If we allow the marriage now, when we get Dominion status can we force this couple apart?"

So much for partnership. One could quote many examples. Mr. Dunn is adept at stripping off the mask.

The political argument is just and topical; what makes the book such a delight to read is the wealth of detail about places and people and by the kind of personal observation which only a shrewd eye and considerable knowledge can produce. The terrain comes to life: sky-scraping Salisbury, "like every adolescent always following the worst possible example"; the macabre luxury of the Copper Belt; Zomba, where the houses of the officials ascend the mountain side in order of seniority, "the higher the rank, the longer the view". Nor are the people less vivid: Lenшина (the black priestess who numbered among her votaries a serious young man called Kenneth Kaunda) suckles her baby in the nave of her half-built church; Lennox-Boyd sits damply in a corrugated iron shack listening to yet another speech against federation; a Nyasaland chief reiterates his request that Queen Victoria come herself to settle the dispute.

Mr. Dunn's evidence is convincing and in the last chapter he turns judge and gives his own solution. His suggestion is that the British Government should enforce a ten-year freeze, before any more power is transferred. This is a lame conclusion. If his allegations are true, the bluff should be called and the federation dismembered. An

NELSON

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independent Nyasaland could do far more for the Africans of South Africa and Southern Rhodesia than any number of British pledges.

It is one thing to observe *apartheid*; it is quite another to grow up at the wrong end of an *apartheid* society. Ezekiel Mphahlele in his autobiography *Down Second Avenue* shows just how the sensitive African suffers. What is it like to have to shape your hopes not to your own abilities but to the limits set by an indifferent master race? What is it like as a father to watch your children in the gutter playing with extreme brutality the game of police and Africans? This is a low key book. The characters seem muted by the inhumanity which delights in "knocking off the Kaffir grin", but it is nevertheless a subtle indictment of South African society.

CATHERINE HOSKYNs.

ARE WE PHILISTINES?

EDUCATING ONE NATION. By John Sharp.
Max Parrish. 12s. 6d.

MR. SHARP, who is now headmaster of one of the three comprehensive boarding-schools founded by the British Families Education Service in Germany, makes a documented and devastating attack on the state of education in England. His starting-point is that as a nation we do not really care very much about education, that therefore our schools are turning out children who may be trained but who are not really educated, and that our present system of secondary education wastes an important part of the country's intellectual resources.

On the day I finished reading Mr. Sharp's book, the *News Chronicle* published the findings of a Gallup poll about schools and teachers. Eighty-two per cent. of the parents questioned said they were satisfied with the education their children were getting. (There was only one per cent. difference between the parents who paid fees and those who did not.) Fifty-one per cent. of parents thought teachers were getting reasonable pay now, and only twenty-five per cent. that they were underpaid.

These figures seem to me to prove at least part of Mr. Sharp's argument. We are devoting today the same proportion of our national income to education as we did twenty years ago. It is about £9 10s. a year per head of the population. The Russians spend £72 a head, the Americans £20. Classes

in our primary schools are still permitted by law to be as big as forty — a figure which is exceeded in many schools. Children are graded into "academic" and "others" at the ridiculously early age of ten plus. About one child in four gets a place in a grammar school; most of the rest go to secondary modern schools and leave at the age of fifteen, having satisfied the provisions of the 1944 Act — "secondary education for all" — but not learnt a foreign language. On top of this, we have treated the teaching profession so scurvily that it seems doubtful — unless there is a total change in attitude about what a teacher should be and should earn — whether the country will be able to attract sufficient recruits into the profession to carry through either the Government's or the Labour Party's educational programmes.

Mr. Sharp puts forward a number of interesting proposals for improvement. He comes down, with modified enthusiasm, on the side of the comprehensive school. To keep the size of these schools manageable, he supports the Croydon Plan, in which all the sixth form pupils in an area would be taken out of the comprehensive school into "Junior Colleges". This is the system in Sweden.

He also argues that we should no longer leave education in the hands of the 146 Local Education Authorities but should switch to some vaguely-defined central control. With this I disagree. It is the job of the Minister of Education to wake up inefficient and mean-minded Local Education Authorities. But dictatorial control from Whitehall would hamper the imaginative Authorities and would in practice act as a brake on the bolder experiments, such as those now being carried out in Leicestershire and Middlesex.

The fundamental question posed by Mr. Sharp — are we educating our children for the right sort of society? — is left largely unanswered. There can be no answer while the two main political parties themselves have no clear idea of the society they want to establish. If Labour really believes that "Socialism is about equality" it would instantly decide to abolish all fee-paying in schools. If the Conservatives really believed in the "Opportunity State", they would be less rabid about comprehensive schools which would give so many more children better educational opportunities than they get now.

SYDNEY JACOBSON.

SOME UNCOMMON PEOPLE

MISTRESS TO AN AGE. By J. Christopher Herold. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21s.

THE LIGHT OF COMMON DAY. By Diana Cooper. *Rupert Hart-Davis*. 25s.

THE MASTERPIECE AND THE MAN. By Monk Gibbon. *Rupert Hart-Davis*. 21s.

MYTHOLOGIES. By W. B. Yeats. *Macmillan*. 21s.

NOT IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN. By Henry Sherek. *Heinemann*. 21s.

WISDEN'S CRICKETERS' ALMANACK. 1959. Sporting Handbooks Ltd. 16s. and 18s. 6d.

THE flow of autobiography and biography continues so strong and steady that hardly a month passes without some interesting or important addition to this department of letters. The current volumes deal with subjects as diverse as Madame de Staël and Lady Diana Cooper, with Yeats and with the present Duke of Bedford, while Mr. Henry Sherek unites the world and arts with his lively account of his experiences as an impresario dealing in entertainments as varied as Park Lane cabarets and the plays of Mr. Eliot.

Mistress to an Age: The Life of Madame de Staël is a first book by Mr. Christopher Herold, chief editor at the Stanford University Press. He has been working on it for over five years, and it received the National Book Award for 1959 in the U.S.A., and has been chosen by the Book Society over here. It is a worthy choice. Germaine de Staël's tremendous zest for living and resplendent gifts made her the most important woman in Europe during the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. Her father, Jacques Necker, was one of the most famous people of his day, Finance Minister to Louis XVI. Her mother, Suzanne Curchod, was a governess, with great ambitions for social success. When she became engaged to the prosperous M. Necker, her employer remarked: "They will bore each other to death; at least it will give them something to do."

Suzanne's salon became famous. Among the *habitués* were Diderot, Buffon and Gibbon. When she was six, little Germaine listened wide-eyed to the wisdom and wit of her parents' friends. It has been noted that it is the only time in her life when she is described as not opening her mouth.

Mr. Herold shows, perhaps too in-



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HAMISH HAMILTON

frequently, the acid zest which marked Lytton Strachey's ironical portraits although Madame de Staël's career lends itself well to similar treatment. After her marriage to Baron de Staël she had five children but only the first could with any certainty be considered her husband's. The catalogue of her lovers would be as distinguished as it would be lengthy. Talleyrand is believed to have been the first and Benjamin Constant was the most steadfast. For thirty years or so she was in the forefront of the personalities of her time as a force that could not be ignored. As politician, author, philosopher and lover she took the eye. She was courageous too. Anyone who dared to oppose Napoleon must have been very brave and extremely self-confident. Her achievements were not inconsiderable. Certainly Germaine talked openly and ferociously. She attacked him, not so openly, in her books. There were a few small attempts at conspiracies. Between times there were repeated attempts to come to terms with him, some offers to write on his behalf, if he would allow her to remain in Paris and would return an enormous sum to her father. Mr. Herold sums up well:

Napoleon's downfall can hardly be imputed to the actions or ideas of individuals. Yet in keeping up the spirit of resistance among the social and intellectual elite of Europe, Madame de Staël did the most anyone can do against such a tyrant, while his star is high. Her example did not present all the dignity and consistency one might wish, but it was precisely from her rebellious pride and passions that she drew the power to resist at all: with all her contradictions, she was of one piece. To call the entire universe to witness the monstrous behaviour of Benjamin Constant was extravagant and reckless. It diminished her stature as a fighter against tyranny. But without such extravagant recklessness she would not have fought tyranny and called upon the entire universe to witness the monstrousness of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mistress to an Age is a fascinating and most readable biography carved out of considerable research and scholarship. The nature of Germaine's unhappiness and of her constant search for an ideal lover can be understood easily enough. Over and over again she was driven to ask herself why she had missed her chance of happiness, why she could not hold the man she loved. The answer was clear to everyone except herself. No man loves a woman for long if she persists in making ceaseless uncompromising demands on all his faculties. After a short time (in almost every case,

SOME UNCOMMON PEOPLE

between four and six months), her lovers knew that they had had more than enough of her; and so the search went on, the dreary, anxious cycle began again.

She could inspire enthusiasm in others. Byron, after his first meeting with her, wrote: "She thinks like a man, but alas she feels like a woman." Her life can be surveyed with an interest especially relevant today, because Madame de Staël was passionate in her defence of moderation. Her sympathies were liberal. It would be supremely interesting to see how she would have adjusted herself to life in the mid-twentieth century. There is not much doubt that she would have found modern methods of communication very congenial. In fact Madame de Staël was unlucky to have escaped the eye of television. It would certainly have given the greatest possible scope to her peculiar and remarkable talents.

The second instalment of Lady Diana Cooper's reminiscences, *The Light of Common Day*, continues in the same lively, outspoken vein that ran through its predecessor, *The Rainbow Comes and Goes*. The new book contains more of the author's experiences with Reinhardt's production of *The Miracle*, the members of whose cast were as temperamental as they were distinguished. Duff Cooper leaves the Foreign Office for the House of Commons, where he holds office at the War Office and the Admiralty. Life is as varied and agreeable for the young people as it could be, and their brilliant friends include Belloc and Maurice Baring and many other notabilities. The Duff Coopers go to Fort Belvedere and on the famous Adriatic cruise of the *Nahlin*.

The author regrets that "the colours pale with the olden days far behind one and time almost abreast", but in fact Lady Diana writes naturally and with an eye for essentials and entertainment. Sensitive, impressionable, honest, superstitious, she allows personal loyalties to transcend political feuds, and there is a characteristic anecdote of Lord Beaverbrook addressing Duff Cooper before a Westminster by-election: "Say what you like about me. I shall mind less than you will mind what I say about you." Lady Diana's comment is perceptive: "It was nobly said, though in the end, Duff's armour had the fewer chinks, for Max never quite forgave him his victory."

Duff Cooper resigns after Munich and the

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JOHN MURRAY

book ends with the outbreak of the Second World War. Lady Diana must have the material for an additional volume, and one hopes she will publish it.

The almost simultaneous appearance of W. B. Yeats's Irish stories of the supernatural and uncanny, based on country beliefs, traditions and folk tales, with some later prose, under the title *Mythologies*, and Mr. Monk Gibbon's, *The Masterpiece and the Man*, an account of Yeats as the writer knew him, is a reminder that few twentieth century poets' reputations have been less affected by changing literary styles and fashions and by death than Yeats's has been, though the increasing economy of his poetic style in his later life was sympathetically adjusted to the taste of the time. Paradoxically, his prose remained very much the same all his life, and what fine, unencumbered stuff it is.

Mr. Gibbon knew Yeats's sisters Lily and Lolly, who were parishioners of his father's, before he met the poet, "militant, conscious always of his vocation, and expecting everyone else to be conscious of it too. He had shaped his literary personality so deliberately

that it seemed to have taken over control and expelled the natural man." This has been remarked by so many other observers that one can only conclude that Yeats was the prey of two obsessions. As an artist his strivings and anguishes have been well described by Lady Gregory. Anyone who saw him either on the lecture platform or off it was forced to realize that he took mankind for his audience and took the greatest pains to maintain the "great poet" legend, which, ironically enough, was fully justified by the poetry he had written. There were times when those who watched Yeats and were ignorant of his identity could have sworn that they were looking at some literary charlatan, so much did he resemble a poet in a play. To hear him read his verses could, on occasions, confirm that impression.

As he grew older Yeats did not grow easier to be with. Mr. Gibbon notes that "never was I in contact with a fellow human being." Irritated by a respectful approach, he liked people who would stand up to him, but he disliked argument. His friends, like A. E., who was a tremendous talker himself, took care to play up to Yeats in a tactful way. He did not like to have his ideas questioned, and was not very receptive of those of others. On one occasion Mr. Gibbon said to him: "I suppose if we were really philosophic, that is to say if we could contemplate the issue with the detachment which the philosophic mind should bring to things, we should be able to banish personal feeling from our consideration of immortality. Even our own future destiny could not shake us out of that calm?" "He looked at me sharply from under disapproving brows and said: 'I don't agree with you at all'."

One cannot go as far as Mr. Gibbon does when he suggests that Yeats, with his stress on style, and his love of the symbol, has probably done more than any man to popularize vague speech. There are passages in *Mythologies* that could be produced in support of this view, but opposed to this there are pages and pages which bear witness to the economy of phrase and usage which can be copied with advantage. This is a poet's English at its unaffected best, but Yeats was always a far greater master of verse than of prose. Mr. Gibbon is very happy when he discusses the poems and right in calling Yeats a subjective, and not a universal, poet. Yeats backs away from the world and beckons to the reader to follow him.

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CASSELL

I do not believe that Mr. Henry Sherek would object to being called an agreeable rattle, but this eighteenth century term describes his method of writing in *Not in Front of the Children*. He nips from one subject to another. He has had easy access to legendary hermits like the late Sir Oswald Stoll, and seems to have spent a great amount of time accompanying C. B. Cochran to the most unlikely places at home and abroad to see circuses, some of them incredibly bad. One of his best anecdotes describes an elephant, Rosie, which made an unfortunate appearance in pantomime at the Chiswick Empire.

Anyone who likes really new and entertaining theatrical gossip, with characteristic stories of Shaw and Mr. Eliot, should read this book by a resilient, extrovert impresario.

The 96th edition of *Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack*, 1959 is as useful and definitive as ever. Mr. Strudwick, who has just concluded sixty years with Surrey, writes "From Dr. Grace to Peter May" and Mr. Cardus is particularly happy discussing Charles Macartney and George Gunn. *Wisden* is every cricketer's Aladdin's cave.

ERIC GILLETT.



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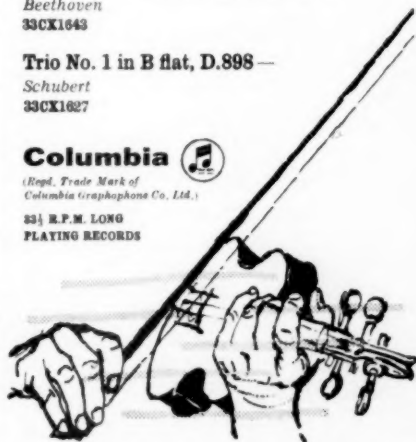
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arrangement of the discs. Those who feel this to be a deciding factor—it is less serious in some cases than others—should not ignore the grand performance of No. 2 and the perfectly lovely performance of No. 6, the gems, to my mind, of the set, and the loss of the repeat in the first movement of No. 4 can be accepted not only for the sake of No. 2, on the same disc, but because this is the most tender and revealing of all available interpretations.

Those who heard Sir Thomas Beecham's wonderful performance of Tchaikovsky's F minor Symphony (No. 4), with the R.P.O. at the Royal Festival Hall a few months ago will rejoice to find it splendidly recorded on H.M.V. ALP 1667. Magical is the only word for this ardour, for such things as the exquisite phrasing in the slow movement, and a hundred other felicities. Toscanini once called Beecham, with what inflection I do not know, an amateur: and in the literal sense of the word that is true. Like Walter he loves music and is loving to it.

Brahms's Second Piano Concerto is too often played by pianists who cannot take its full measure. They may bring out its romantic exuberance but not its strength, or the reverse: but Emil Gilels, with Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, has all the qualities called for by the great work and from first to last this is a magnificent, and well recorded, performance. (R.C.A. Mono RB 16142 and Stereo SB 2032). Equally good, in its different way, is Bela Siki's playing of Franck's *Symphonic Variations*, with the Pro Arte Orchestra conducted by Sir Eugene Goossens, a work which has often eluded success on disc (Pye CE 32035).

Opinions vary over the music of Debussy's *Jeux*, his last orchestral work and composed for the Diaghilev Russian Ballet. A young man and two girls looking for a lost tennis ball at nightfall was not a promising subject for a ballet—the choreography was Nijinsky's—and the work was not a success in the theatre. One can forget the *scenario* and enjoy the remarkable and elusive score on its own merits in Ansermet's poetical performance with the Suisse Normande Orchestra. The reverse is another *poème dansé*, Dukas' *La Peri*, a more sensuous, colourful score on a Persian theme, and very delightful. (Decca Mono LXT 5454, Stereo SXL 2027).

Wolf's *Italian Serenade*, with the *Overture* and *Turkish March* from Beethoven's

Ruins of Athens music played by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, makes a charming disc. The Wolf is, to my mind, more effective in its orchestral than in its string quartet dress (HMV 7ER 5129).

Chamber Music

The Barchet quartet, with Emil Kessinger (viola) has recorded Mozart's six string quintets on three discs (Vox VBX 3), but at present the records are not available separately. There is some excellent playing here, generally good ensemble, but variable tone and balance. The great G minor quintet is outstanding in every way.

Instrumental

Germani gives a fine account of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in B minor (BWV 544) on the Schnitger organ in St. Laurens Church, Alkmaar, Holland and the recording is first rate (H.M.V. 7EP 7083). The Kreisler pieces, the ones that were passed off as arrangements of classical works, and others such as *Caprice Viennoise*, provide a delicious dish of strawberries and cream as played by Rafael Druian with John Simms at the piano. Druian has just the right tone and approach for his task. (Mercury MMA 11007). Delectable, also, is Lev Oborin's performance of *The Months* by Tchaikovsky. He may make the music sound rather better than it really is, though much of it is good *salon* stuff. (Parlophone PMA 1046).

Choral

D.G.G. have issued on Mono (APM 14125-8) and Stereo (SAPM 198009-12) a superb performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with Häfflinger, Enger, Fahberg, Pröbstl, Seefried, Töpfer, and Fischer-Dieskau, with the Munich Bach and Boys choirs and the Munich Bach Orchestra, conducted by Karl Richter. It is available only in a presentation box with a pamphlet in German, French and English, containing three essays on the work, the text, portraits of Bach, and the conductor, and a number of Dürer woodcuts. Fischer-Dieskau is outstanding among a group of admirable soloists. The obligato parts are very well played and Häfflinger is an excellent Evangelist. Richter occasionally sentimentalizes the accompaniment to the words of Jesus, but in general his interpretation of the sublime work is most musicianly and deeply felt. I most warmly recommend this issue.

ALEC ROBERTSON.



finance

THE most significant recent event to take place in the City is that Hambros Bank have retained a firm of public relations consultants to look after their interests. Hambros, it may be recalled, are one of the oldest and most respectable of the merchant banks: they were also on the losing side in the battle for the future of British Aluminium. Moreover, so some people said at the time, this battle was lost not so much because the other side made a more attractive offer for British Aluminium but because Hambros, Lazards and the consortium that they headed failed to put their case across.

Now few journalists working in the City would flatter themselves for a moment with the idea that the majority of shareholders in British Aluminium elected to accept the Tubes-Reynolds offer just because City Editors recommended this course. One hopes, also, that few shareholders would believe that City Editors supported (to the extent they did) the Tubes-Reynolds side because they were ensnared, or flattered, by a more efficient public relations machine. But there appears to be a grain of truth in all this. It seems that certain members of the consortium who were apparently indignant—or at least surprised—that the financial Press did not accept their point of view were not particularly readily accessible to the press.

Against this background, the conclusion is irresistible that Hambros Bank have decided to retain a firm of public relations experts because of the result of the British Aluminium affair. The formal recognition of the existence of the financial Press, which this decision implies, is most welcome—not because it matters by itself what the relations are between a bank and some journalists, but because it effects the relations between the bank—and any other institutions on whose behalf it acts from time to time—and the public. If, in the British Aluminium case, the arguments of the consortium were not as well known as they ought to have been by the public—which includes the various bodies of shareholders concerned—this is a matter which legitimately was of concern to the consor-

tium but it is also of much greater concern from the point of view of the public interest. And it is, accordingly, a very proper response on the part of Hambros to take steps to get into closer and better contact with the public through the relevant channels, which include the financial Press.

The future historian of the City may, in looking back at this period, also link this move to the general assertion of shareholders' rights which has been one of the significant developments of the past year or so. This assertion was itself, of course, partly linked to the British Aluminium affair; and it is certainly true that in this business the shareholders in the company can be described as taking a deliberately independent line. It may be rash to say so, but it seems that this battle for the recognition of shareholder rights has now been won. Only a few weeks ago the chairman of the "Pru", the largest single shareholder in the United Kingdom, said in his annual statement that he believed shareholders ought to be consulted by their boards on any question affecting the control of their company or the type of business in which it was engaged. And the "Pru" is not a shareholder whose opinion any board, or financial adviser to any company, would ignore.

The retaining of public relations experts by a leading merchant bank is, to repeat, much to be welcomed. Nevertheless, if the comment may be made without too much impertinence, it is to be hoped that the bank does not leave all of its public relations to be looked after by an outside firm, or have referred to that firm all enquiries from the outside world. This is not to criticize in any way the competence of the firm concerned which, in its field, is in the first rank. But its field is not banking; nor could it become expert in this field overnight even if it were to import a banker into its organization. And quite apart from this, all experience shows that the firms with the most effective public relations—public whether in the broad sense of the general public or in the narrow specialized sense of the Press—are those firms in which this job is the responsibility of someone within the firm, and someone who is sufficiently senior to have his opinion taken seriously by the board—if he is not indeed a director himself. Let the big City institutions by all means employ advertizing and public relations experts to the full; but, it may be hoped, this is not to be used as a means whereby the City insulates itself still more effectively from the outside world.

LOMBARDO.



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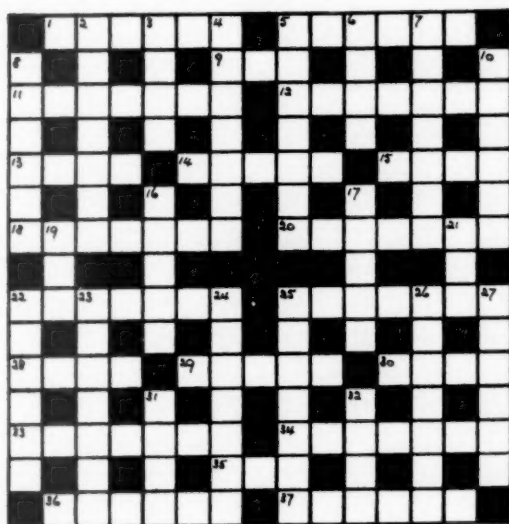
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CLUES

ACROSS

1. Exercise can be a tonic (6)
5. Little animals after turning up get cleaner (6)
9. The girl in the van (3)
11. Foolish as 19 (7)
12. Incline to craft for defence (7)
13. Hazardous spots? (4)
14. Type caught by a girl (5)
15. Overturned vessels proceed no further (4)
18. They have accommodation for half the Navy in temporary shelters (7)
20. The pupil starts with a Shakespearean play (7)
22. One finds them walking the decks (3-4)
25. Carelessly ran into a French palace (7)
28. Against providing a first-class cover for the New Testament (4)
29. The best of a hundred and twenty quires (5)
30. "Reminiscences make one feel so deliciously . . . and sad." Shaw (*The Irrational Knot*) (4)
33. What is left about is put back right (7)
34. Enforce an idea that I'm connected with newspapers (7)
35. Secluded female bird (3)
36. Nicest arrangement for a little creature (6)
37. The showy part of the Bulgar is his beard (6)

DOWN

2. Colour borders in study (7)
3. I twice get the bird (4)
4. They look rocky, if not hollow-eyed! (7)
5. A shade unsuitable for wintry weather (7)
6. Two matching pieces of mink for a girl (4)
7. She can't possibly improve with punishment (7)
8. It may talk standard nonsense (6)
10. Put up in an unfinished store, causing amazement (6)
16. Come to a logical conclusion (5)
17. Herb is a man's name (5)
19. Elia's mother? (3)
21. Personality in the Government (3)
22. Where flights may be interrupted by landings (6)
23. It may be a strain for the workman (7)
24. The "subtlest beast of all the field" (7)
25. One way of getting the rent increased (7)
26. She gives a direction on the way out (7)
27. Lack of medicine presents knotty problem (6)
31. Having nothing to do one gets led astray (4)
32. Projecting height provides incentive (4)

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HOTEL GUIDE

Please mention the *National Review* when communicating with hotels

ANGMERING-ON-SEA, near Worthing, is nice at any time of year. Good food, comfort and warmth is provided at The South Strand Hotel, Rustington 1086.

ASCOT.—Berys Hotel. West End standard of comfort in country surroundings. Extensive gardens. Tennis. Golf. Riding. 'Phone: 888/90. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

BATTLE, Sussex.—'Phone Battle 219. Park Gate Hotel. Catsfield. Club licence. Your recommendation our advertisement. Every comfort. Dogs welcome. A.A., R.A.C. Terms.

BATTLE, Sussex.—Ye Olde Chequers Hotel. 14th century inn, situated delightful country. 6 miles coast. Rest and relaxation. Licensed.

BETCHWORTH, Nr. Dorking.—The Barley Mow Hotel. Luncheons. Dinners. Residential. Three golf courses near.

BEXHILL.—Annandale Hotel. 25 yds. seafont, extensive improvements. 2 b'rms., spac. dng rm., 17 1st floor b'drms., Slumberland, comf., satisfac. A.A./R.A.C. Tel. 529.

BEXHILL.—Barbados Hotel. Club licence. A mod. hotel on unrivalled sea front site (cg. south. Good food, superior amenities. Children welcome. Grnd. Fl. accom. Brochure. Tel. 1871.

BEXHILL.—Centre sea front, Wilton Court Hotel. Lift, radio in b'drms., T.V., dancing. Comfort and good food. Licensed. Low winter terms. Brochure. Tel. 1315.

BIRCHINGTON.—Beresford Hotel. A.A./R.A.C.*** Open all year. Secluded cliff top, priv. lawns and sandy beach. Sat. Din./Dances. Squash, Tennis. Thanet 41345.

BROADSTAIRS.—The Hotel on the Jetty—a small comfble. hotel overlooking sea & Viking Bay. Noted for excit. cuisine. Restaurant open to non-residents. 'Phone Thanet 61905.

BROADSTAIRS.—Esplanade Hotel. Fully licensed. Finest sea-front position. 24 b'rooms. T.V. and Sun Lounges. Games Room. Car Par. Res. Proprietors. Thanet 62596.

BROADSTAIRS.—Warwick Hotel, Granville Rd., 150 yds. seafont centre; fully licensed. 20 bedrooms from 8½ gns. Illustrated brochure. Thanet 62246.

CAMBRIDGE.—Blue Boar Hotel. Opposite Trinity Great Gate, conveniently situated for the Colleges and points of interest. 'Phone: 3030. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

CANTERBURY'S new fully licensed Hotel, the *Chaucer*, Ivy Lane, close to the cathedral and city centre. 'Phone: 4427/8. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

CANTERBURY.—Dunkirk Hotel AA/RAC. 25 bedrooms. 4 miles north of city on A.2 (London-Dover). Ideal stop-over for travellers to Continent. Comfort, good food & service assured. Tel.: Boughton 283.

CANTERBURY.—The County Hotel situated in centre of city. 42 b'rms; night porter; garage; car park; Rotary H.Q.; stockrooms. Tel. 2066. Terms on application.

CARDIFF.—Park Hotel; Restaurant; Grill; Banqueting and Conference Rooms; Cocktail Bar; American Bar; Garage. 'Phone 23471 (5 lines).

CLIFTONVILLE.—Walpole Bay Hotel. A.A.*** 65 bedrooms all with sea views. Lift. Ballroom. Every comfort and exc. catering assured. Brochure. Tel. Thanet 21703.

CLIFTONVILLE.—Greylands Hotel, Edgar Rd., offers all requirements for an enjoyable seaside holiday at reasonable terms. Illus. brochure sent or Tel. Thanet 21082.

CLIFTONVILLE. Kent.—Endcliffe Hotel, facing sea. Every comfort. Lift. Night porter. T.V. Room radios. Terms 'rom 9 gns. in winter. B.&B. from 22/6. Thanet 21829.

CHELTHENHAM.—The Queen's. Cheltenham's leading Hotel, facing the Imperial Gardens at the head of the Promenade. 'Phone: 54724. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

DEAL.—Bristol Hotel. A.A., R.A.C. approved. Comfort and service exceptional, central heating, 100 yards from sea. Ideal touring centre for Kent. Sea fishing and golf; cocktail bar; garage for 50 cars. Tel.: Deal 1038.

DOVER.—The Priory Hotel. Fully licensed. Excellent accommodation. H. & C. central heating. Adjacent rail, bus and continental services. Personal supervision of C. F. Hearnden. Telephone 53.

DOVER.—Shalimar Private Hotel. Sea front. Telephone Dover 740. (Lift). Hot and Cold Water. Terms on application.

DUBLIN.—Royal Hibernian. 'Phone 72991 (10 lines). Tel.: Hibernia.

EASTBOURNE.—Hydro Hotel, South Cliff, facing sea. 1st Class accommodation at moderate inclusive terms. 'Phone 643.

EASTBOURNE.—The Albemarle Hotel. Fully licensed. On seafont. 30 bedrooms. Liberal menus. Fine cellars. Visit Eastbourne's favourite cocktail rendezvous—'The Spider and the Fly.' 'Phone: 666.

FAIRLIGHT, Sussex.—Fairlight Cove Hotel. Offers every conceivable facility for a peaceful holiday in Sussex-by-the-Sea; comfort, good food, and usually the best of the worst English weather. Write for Brochure, stating accommodation required Cove Hotel, Fairlight, Near Hastings.

FOLKESTONE.—Pier Hotel. Uninterrupted views of the Channel. 3 minutes Continental Services. 35 Bedrooms. Central heating. Club bar. Special commercial terms. Garage. Telephones 444 and 2855. Grams: Pier Hotel.

FOLKESTONE.—The Continental Wampach Hotel. A.A./R.A.C.*** Family and commercial, offers first-class facilities at most reasonable rates. Ideal Conference H.Q.

FOLKESTONE.—Foursquare Hotel is open all the year round, and people really do tell us what a charming small hotel this is. Telephone 51093. A.A. and R.A.C.

FOLKESTONE.—Barrelle Hotel. Centre of sea front. Every mod. comf. at mod. terms. Established 40 years. A.A. appr., R.A.C. listed. Res. Prop. N. R. Godefroy.

FOLKESTONE.—Esplanade Hotel. A.A./R.A.C. Centre of town overlooking sea. Fully licensed. Open to non-residents. Lift to all floors. 'Phone 3540.

FOLKESTONE.—Highcliffe Hotel. Ideal pos. Overlks Leas and sea. 50 modernly furn. Bedrooms, 4 cent. hid. Lounges. Lift. Open all yr. A.A./R.A.C. appr. Tel. 2069.

FOLKESTONE.—View Leas & Channel. Assured comf. & pers. supervision. All rms. H.A.C. 6-9½ gns. Brochure. Westward Ho! A.A./R.A.C., Clifton Crescent. Tel. 2663.

FOLKESTONE.—Hotel St. Clair, Marine Cres., sea front. H.A.C. all rms. Ex. cuisine in dng rm, fcg sea. Lounge & T.V. rm. 7/8 gns. in season. Open all year. Tel. 2312.

FOLKESTONE.—The Byng Hotel is open all the year. Central heating. Lift. Children very welcome. Excellent food. Terms from 5½ to 10½ gns. p.w. Write or Tel. 51317.

FOLKESTONE.—Aston Hotel, Trinity Gardens. Family concern. Well known for fine food. Mid-wk. bookings welcomed. Lift, club bar. 3 Lounges. Cen. heat. throughout.

FOLKESTONE.—Cliff Lodge, 25 Wear Bay Cres. Overlks sea & sandy bay. H.A.C., int. sprung mattresses all b'drms. Gd. home cook. Newly decor'd. 6-8 gns. Tel. 2586.

HOTEL GUIDE

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HANDCROSS. Sussex.—Red Lion Hotel. Charming old coaching inn. Good food. Residential. Tel. Handcross 292.

HASSOCKS. Sussex.—The Downs Hotel. Delightful in Spring, tranquil in summer, glorious in autumn, warm in winter. At all times very comfortable. Hassocks 630.

HASTINGS.—The Castle Hotel. The oldest established Hotel in the Town. Fully licenced. Ballroom. Late Night Grill Room. Terms from 11 gns. p.w. 23/6 Bed & Breakfast.

HELLINGLY. Nr. Eastbourne.—The Old Water Mill. Good food, every comfort from seven guineas. Recommended by "Bon Vivant". Tel. Hellingly 206.

HERNE BAY.—Queens Hotel. A.A.**. Fully Licensed. Noted for cuisine and homely atmosphere. Open all year. Under pers. sup. of res. props. Tel. Herne Bay 12.

HURSTMONCEUX. Borcham.—White Friars Hotel, 18th century bldg., H. & C., elec. fires, pie, bathrooms, exc. cuisine. Lend., agrs., 4 acres gdns. Tel. Hurstmonceux 3299

HURSTPIERPOINT (Near).—Stroods Hotel, Sayers Common. Fully Licensed Bar. Restaurant and Snack Bar. Open to non-residents. Parties and Dances catered for.

HOVE. Sussex.—Dudley Hotel, 72 Rooms, 50 Bathrooms. Restaurant open to non-residents. American Bar. Large Garage & Lock-ups. Hove 36266. Man. Dir.: F. Kung (Swiss).

ISLE OF WIGHT.—Lovely Bonchurch in the Garden Isle —Private Guest House in delightful position. Highly recommended. St. Michael's Cliff, Bonchurch, I.W. 'Phone Ventnor 305.

KILLARNEY (Ireland).
International Hotel. Tel.: 16.

LONDON.—Brown's Hotel. First-class London hotel known throughout the world. Private suites. 'Phone: Hyde Park 6020. Telegrams: "Brownhotel, Piccy, London."

LONDON.—Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, Mayfair. W.I. First-class. Suites, American bar, banqueting facilities. 'Phone: Grosvenor 7030.

MAIDSTONE. Kent.—Bridge House Hotel. Fully licd. Accom. bed and breakfast, hot and cold, children welcome. Tel. Maidstone 4149. Prop. R. G. Simmond.

OXFORD.—Interesting, fascinating. "Beechdown Private Hotel." A.A. Mod. terms. Garage. Gardens. Quiet comfort. 'Phone 577101.

OXFORD.—Randolph Hotel. Close to the Martyrs' Memorial. Cornmarket and St. Giles. First-class accommodation. 'Phone: 47481/5. A TRUST HOUSE HOTEL.

RAMSGATE.—San Clu Hotel, East Cliff Promenade. A.A., R.A.C. Licensed, lift, garage. From 9 guineas. 'Phone: Thanet 52145. 'Grams: Clueless, Ramsgate.

RAMSGATE.—The Regency. From 84 gns. 100 rms. h. & c., telephones, electric fires, 4 Bars, 5 Lounges, Ballroom, 24 acres lawns overlook sea.

RAMSGATE.—Continental Hotel, town centre. Lic. Bars. B. & B. 16/6. F.B. 25/-. 7-84 gns. weekly. All rooms H. & C., wireless, gas fires. Tel. Thanet 51052.

RAMSGATE.—Four Winds Hotel, Victoria Parade. Best of the Kentish Coast can offer. O'looking sea, standing in own grnds. Cent. hlg. Garage. Perm. Res. sp. terms.

RINGMER. Sussex.—The Ringmer Hotel. First Class Cuisine. H. & C. in all bedrooms. A.A. & R.A.C. Cntrl hlg. elec fires, livly gdn. cocktail bar. Phone 148.

ROBERTSBRIDGE.—The George Hotel. A Georgian Inn reputed for good food & personal service. A.A. & R.A.C. Fishing & riding adjacent. Brochure avble. Tel. 15.

RYE.—Mermaid Inn. Fully licenced. Built 1420. Complete relaxation assured in this old Inn of character. Good food, wines and pleasant service. Priv. Bathrms. Tel. 2301.

RYE.—Durrant House Guest House, Market Street, Tel. 318211. Large airy rooms, comf. beds, h. & c. Inc. terms. Open throughout the year. Miss E. M. Locke.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—Edinburgh Hotel. Facing over Warrior Square gardens to sea. A.A., R.A.C. Fully licenced. Excellent cuisine and service. Sun verandah. Television. Beach tent. Hastings 4203/3.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.—Warrior Hotel. Situated in lovely Warrior Square gardens overlooking sea. A.A., R.A.C. Fully licenced. Excellent cuisine and service. Roof garden, television, first-class amenities. Hastings 3704/5.

SANDWICH.—Accommodating 38 guests, The Bell Hotel is central for golf, fishing and touring holidays in Kent. Cent. hlg. Garage accom. Tel. 3277. A TRUST HOUSE.

SANDWICH. Kent.—The Haven Hotel. Lovely period house, old-world monastery garden. Modern amenities. Recommended Food. Nr. Golf, Sands, Country. Tel. 2311.

SEDLISCOMBE. Sussex.—Brickwall Residential Hotel. Phone 253. A.A. and R.A.C. approved. In the loveliest village in Sussex. Morning coffee, luncheons, teas.

SEVENOAKS.—Royal Oak Hotel. Fully licenced free house. Comfortable well-appointed country hotel on A.21 at south end of town is situated opposite Knole Park. Fine walled flower garden in same family over 60 years. They are proud of their reputation for table and cellar. Ideal centre for visiting many beautiful houses and castles of Kent. Brochure. Telephone 2161.

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS.—Milton Park Hotel, A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C., Dairy, Kirkcudbrightshire. Fully licenced and modern. Overlooking water of Ken Valley. Tennis, fishing, bowling, golf and varied and delightful walks. Brochure on request. Mrs. J. Rankin. Tel. Dalry 202 & 286.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Swan Hotel. The Pantiles. Phone 2390. Visitors 672. Private and commercial accom. Excellent food. Room, breakfast and bath from 21s.

WALMER.—A "Country House by the Sea". The Glen Hotel. A small lux. hotel providing comfort and good food. Golf, swimming, tennis, sea-fishing. Tel. Deal 636.

WALMER.—Sheen Pk. Children's Holiday & Convalescent Hotel and Annexes. Enquiries to J. Haythornwaite, Principal, 272 Dover Road, Walmer. 'Phone Deal 38.

WANTAGE.—Charney Manor. For an inexpensive holiday in 13th Century Berkshire Manor House, fully modernised, every comfort, good food. Apply Warden.

WESTGATE.—Ingleton Hotel. ***A.A./R.A.C. Licensed. 40 bedrooms with radio & phones. Fcg. sea & lawns. Open all year. Brochure. Write or phone Thanet 31317.

WROTHAM. Kent.—14th Century Hotel & Restaurant. A.20. Ideal stop for Continental travellers. Good food and personal service. Tel. Boro' Green 293.

YORKSHIRE DALES. Kettlewell, via Skipton.—The Race-Horses Hotel: medically recommended; quiet; select: renowned cuisine; recognized motoring centre; beautiful fell moorland and riverside walks. A.A., R.A.C. Fully Licensed 'Phone 233. Tariff from Resident Owner.



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